The Ships of Peace

BY BASIL MATHEWS

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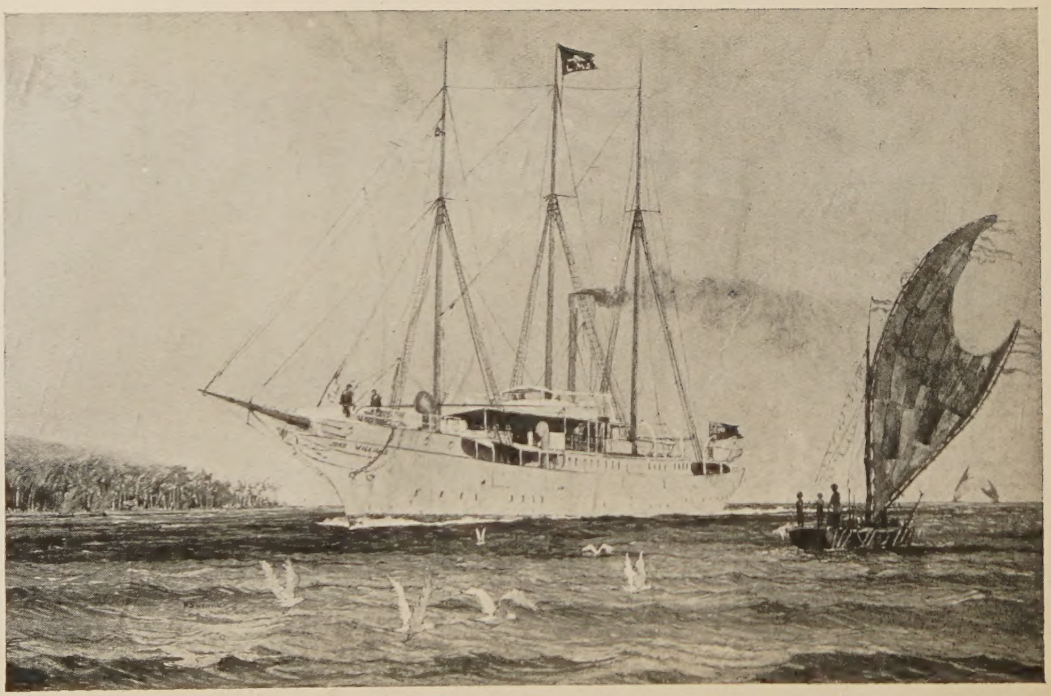

THE CHILDREN'S STEAMSHIP 'JOHN WILLIAMS'

THE SHIPS OF PEACE

BY

BASIL MATHEWS

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CHAPTER I

THE SHIP OF ADVENTURE

I

BEFORE daybreak on Monday morning, July 5, 1742, a boy apprentice rolled quietly out from his cramped bed under the counter in his master's shop. Softly unlatching the door, he stepped out into the road by the tiny harbour.

The soft 'hush-hush' of the incoming tide, which would be full that morning at 6 o'clock, spoke to him as he strode quickly away from Staithes, climbing the hill to the cliff, and walked away southward for nine miles till the grey walls of Whitby Abbey loomed ahead of him across the harbour. He dropped down the hill to the town and was soon by the harbour side.

As James Cook climbed aboard his chosen ship the outlines of the grey abbey stood up above the cliffs, catching the light of the morning sun.

The walls of Whitby Abbey had been the last glimpse of home for many sturdy Yorkshire boys running away from home to sea. But the walls had never in all the centuries said farewell to a boy who was to have such multitudes of adventure and hair-breadth escapes as this apprentice; nor welcomed back any man who was to bring such glory

to his native town, and open up such pathways across the ocean to islands of wonder on the other side of the world.

For James Cook, from that day through years and years of heroic voyages as a man, sailed round the world and found adventure in every ocean. From Whitby, Quebec, and Newfoundland to the Cape of Good Hope, the icebergs of the Antarctic and the coral islands of the South Pacific he sailed with his bold men—the finest navigator that the world has ever seen.

Unafraid of the spears or the arrows or the clubs of savage cannibals, undaunted by hurricane or hidden reef or ice-floe, frozen by the biting gales from the South Pole, scorched by the equatorial sun, threatened by waterspouts, sailing often in peril of fog in uncharted waters, his face never showed fear and his heart never quailed.

So Captain Cook with his good three-masted ship *Resolution* and her companion *Adventure* discovered scores of islands in the South Seas on which no white man had ever set foot—the New Hebrides, New Caledonia, and the Sandwich Islands, explored the coasts of New Zealand, Australia, the Antarctic, and America.

When he came home the tales that he told of his adventures made the eyes of the boys who heard them grow round with amazement, and even grown men were lost in wonder at the stories that

seemed too amazing to be real, and yet were true in every detail.

At last, in 1779, Captain Cook was killed by the natives on the Sandwich Islands. The stories of his life were written down in wonderful books with pictures that showed how Captain Cook landed on islands in the face of savages. There were maps in the books that told exactly where the islands lay in the far-off ocean across the world.

II

Men who had in their minds the firm belief that Jesus Christ came into the world to bring men of every race to worship the Father Who made them all, read these adventures of Captain Cook. They were as enthralled by the story as any boy—so fascinated that there came into their minds an idea that was the beginning of new adventures as wonderful as those of Captain Cook himself.

These men wondered what they could do. They knew that in their own land of Britain their forefathers (and ours) had been savages in the days long past. They knew that men had come to our wild forefathers, and had taught them of the God of Love who is the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ.

The early missionaries to the Saxons and Angles of the North Sea Islands of Britain had brought the knowledge of the love of Jesus to England.

Now was the time, these men argued, to begin to pay back. They had 'freely received'; it was only fair and right that they should 'freely give'. So they decided to send the Good News ('the Gospel', as we call it) of Jesus Christ from the North Sea Islands of Britain to the South Sea Islands.

This is what they said:

'Modern discoveries in geography have perhaps contributed to enlarge the desires of Christians in this respect. Captain Cook and others have traversed the globe, almost from pole to pole, and have presented to us, as it were, a new world, a world of islands in the vast Pacific Ocean—some of them as promising in the disposition of the people as in the appearance of the country. May we not reasonably hope that a well-planned and well-conducted mission to one or more of these, seconded with the earnest prayers of thousands of British Christians, will be attended with the blessing of God, and issue in the conversion of many souls?'

In those days men would form 'Companies' to buy ships, and to sail them out to India or America to buy spices, or silks, or coffee, or mahogany. So these Christian men decided to form a company, and to buy a ship, and send it sailing across the world—not to buy and sell goods, but to carry missionaries who would teach the people of the South Seas to love God and one another.

The Company that they formed on September 21, 1795, they called 'The Missionary Society'.

Afterwards, because several other missionary societies were formed, it came to be called the 'London Missionary Society', because London was its home. They decided to gather together missionaries, and buy a ship in which to take them round the world to Tahiti.

Who should be captain of this ship? He must be a brave and yet careful navigator, who loved Jesus Christ so much that he would gladly risk his life among the tempests of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans and among the savages of the Islands.

Where was such a man to be found?

There was a man who had had many thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, named Captain Wilson. He had started in life as a sailor, but gave it up to join the British Army in America. He there fought in the battles of Bunker's Hill and Long Island. Afterwards he enlisted in a regiment in India, was captured by the French, escaped by swimming across a river infested with alligators, was recaptured, and after nearly two years' imprisonment was released, and returned to England.

Captain Wilson had learned to love Jesus Christ, and was wondering how he could serve Him best.

One day he was reading a magazine when to his amazement and delight his eye was suddenly caught by the announcement that it was proposed to form a Missionary Society to send the Gospel to the Islands of the Pacific which Captain Cook

had discovered. Here was the most unexpected opening for using his courage and his skill as a sea-captain in a great adventure for God. Captain Wilson went to the men who had formed the Missionary Society and offered to command the ship that the Missionary Society would use. Nor would he receive any salary. On June 27, 1796, he bought the good ship *Duff*, 'the first-rate vessel of her burden in the river', as he described her, 'river-built, two years old, copper-bottomed and fastened, and a complete vessel for her purpose'. She cost £5,000.

At last on August 10, 1796, all was ready. Soon after dawn at six o'clock the *Duff* weighed anchor off Blackwall. Her flag was hoisted at the mizen top-gallant masthead. It was a flag that had never been flown before: 'three doves argent, on a purple field, bearing olive branches in their bills.'—The doves of love carrying the olive branch of peace round the world.

So the first Ship of Peace of the Missionary Society crept down the river on an ebb tide on her first voyage. Crew and passengers alike sang as she moved down the river, 'Jesus, at Thy Command we launch into the deep'.

At Gravesend Captain Wilson came aboard.

As the *Duff* was slipping from the river down the estuary a challenge rang across the water. Britain was at war with France and all ships were

closely watched. Besides, smuggling was the trade of men on all the coasts.

'What ship is that?' came the voice.

'The *Duff*', the answer sang out.

'Whither bound?' came the call from the man-o'-war.

'Otaheite', came the answer—a reply that would indeed startle the Government officer, for he knew that Tahiti (as we now call it) was on the other side of the world, and the *Duff* was a little sailing ship.

'What cargo?' the challenge came again.

'Missionaries and provisions', was the reply.

The man-o'-war's captain was naturally puzzled. No cargo of missionaries had sailed down the Thames in the history of man.

There was an order, and a boat was let down from the Government ship. Half a dozen sailors tumbled into her and rowed across the water to the *Duff*.

What did the officers find aboard the *Duff* in addition to its captain and crew? He found six carpenters, two shoemakers, two bricklayers, two sailors, two smiths, two weavers, a surgeon, a hatter, a shopkeeper, a cotton factor, a cabinet-maker, a draper, a harness maker, a tin worker, a butcher, and four ministers. But they were all of them missionaries. With them were six children.

They were all missionaries because the Directors

of the Society were wise enough to know that, if they taught the South Sea Island savages not to kill one another with clubs, and bows and arrows, and spears, they must also teach them to use their hands in other ways—by making doors and bricks for building houses, by constructing boats, by making furniture, and in a hundred other ways.

All up and down the English Channel French frigates sailed like hawks waiting to pounce upon their prey. So for five weary weeks the *Duff* anchored in the roadstead off Spithead till, as one of a fleet of fifty-seven vessels, she could sail under convoy down the channel and across the Bay of Biscay protected by British men-o'-war. Safely clear of the French cruisers, the *Duff* held on alone till the green heights of the Madeira Isles hove in sight.

Across the Atlantic she stood, for the intention was to sail round South America into the Pacific. But on trying to round the Cape Horn the *Duff* met such violent gales that Captain Wilson turned her in her tracks and headed back across the Atlantic for the Cape of Good Hope.

Week after week for thousands and thousands of miles she sailed. She had travelled from Rio de Janeiro over 10,000 miles and had only sighted a single sail—a longer journey than any ship had ever sailed without seeing land.

'Shall we see the island to-day?' the boys on

THE ARRIVAL OF THE 'DUFF' AT TAHITI

board would ask Captain Wilson. Day after day he shook his head. But one night he said:

'If the wind holds good to-night we shall see an island in the morning, but not the island where we shall stop.'

'Land ho!' shouted a sailor from the masthead in the morning, and, sure enough, they saw away on the horizon, like a cloud on the edge of the sea, the island of Toobonai.[1]

As they passed Toobonai the wind rose and howled through the rigging. It tore at the sails of the *Duff*, and the great Pacific waves rolled swiftly by, rushing and hissing along the sides of the little ship and tossing her on their foaming crests. But she weathered the storm. As the wind dropped and they looked ahead they saw, cutting into the sky-line, the mountain tops of Tahiti.

III

It was Saturday night when the island came in sight. Early on the Sunday morning, by seven o'clock, the *Duff* swung round under a gentle breeze into Matavai[2] Bay and dropped anchor. But before she could even anchor the whole bay had become alive with Tahitians. They thronged the beach, and, leaping into canoes, sent them skimming across the bay to the ship.

[1] Too-bō-nă-ee. [2] Mă-tă-vă-ee.

Captain Wilson, scanning the canoes swiftly and anxiously, saw with relief that the men were not armed. But the missionaries were startled when the savages climbed up the sides of the ship, and with wondering eyes rolling in their wild heads peered over the rail of the deck. They then leapt on board and began dancing like mad on the deck with their bare feet. From the canoes the Tahitians hauled up pigs, fowl, fish, bananas, and held them for the white men to buy. But Captain Wilson and all his company would not buy on that day, for it was Sunday.

The missionaries gathered together on deck to hold their Sunday morning service. The Tahitians stopped dancing and looked on with amazement, as the company of white men with their children knelt to pray and then read from the Bible.

The Tahitians could not understand this strange worship, with no god that could be seen. But when the white fathers and mothers and children sang, the savages stood around with wonder and delight on their faces as they listened to the strange and beautiful sounds.

But the startling events of the day were not over. For out from the beach came a canoe across the bay, and in it two Swedish sailors, named, like some fishermen of long ago, Peter and Andrew. These white men knew some English. They lived how-

ever, not as Christians, but after the customs of the natives.

After them came a great and aged chief named Haamanemane. This great chief went up to the 'chief' of the ship, Captain Wilson, and called out to him 'Taio'.[1]

They did not know what this meant till Peter the Swede explained that Haamanemane wished to be the brother—the troth-friend—of Captain Wilson. They were even to change names. Captain Wilson would be called Haamanemane, and Haamanemane would be called Wilson.

So Captain Wilson said 'Taio', and he and the chief, who was also high priest of the gods of Tahiti, were brothers.

Captain Wilson said to Haamanemane, through Peter, who translated each to the other:

'We wish to come and live in this island.'

Haamanemane said that he would speak to the king and queen of Tahiti about it. So he got down again over the side of the vessel into the canoe, and the paddles of his boatmen flashed as they swept along over the breakers to the beach to tell the king of the great white chief who had come to visit them.

All these things happened on the Sunday. On Tuesday word came that the king and the queen would receive them. So Captain Wilson and his

[1] Ta-ee-ō.

missionaries got into the whale-boat and pulled for the shore. The natives rushed into the water, seized the boat, and hauled her aground out of reach of the great waves.

At that place, under the palm trees of Tahiti, with the beating of the surf on the shore before them, and the great mountain forests behind, these brown islanders of the South Seas gave a part of their land to Captain Wilson and his men that they might live there.

From Tahiti Captain Wilson set sail for the Friendly Isles, and sighted Tonga on April 9, 1797. Here he left some more of his 'cargo' of missionaries, and again sailed off to the Marquesas Isles. Driven and tossed by wild storms that threatened to sink her, and escaping by a hair's breadth from shipwreck on rocks, they at last reached Ohitahio[1] on June 5, where another missionary was landed alone among the islanders, who received him dancing with joy.

The captain then returned to Tahiti and Tonga Taboo to see how his missionaries were faring, and sailed for home. He called at Canton on the coast of China on the way home, and shipped a cargo of tea. The sailors in the port at Canton scoffed at the good lives of the crew of the *Duff*, and, in fun, re-christened her *The Ten Commandments*.

[1] Ohee-tah-hee-o.

Sailing from Macao[1] on January 5, 1798, with other ships under the escort of British frigates, they touched at Malacca on January 16, at Table Bay, Capetown, on March 16, at St. Helena on April 15, and at Cork on June 24, coming to anchor once more in the Thames on July 11, 1798, having been absent for just under two years. The *Duff* had sailed nearly 50,000 miles, or twice the circumference of the world, with, as Captain Wilson proudly said, 'Not a mast sprung, not a yard lost, not a sail split, not an anchor left behind.'

IV

All over Britain people rejoiced at the safe return of the *Duff*. It was decided at once to send her out again as quickly as possible.

Captain Wilson was too ill to sail again, and Captain Robson, who had been one of the officers of the ship on the first voyage, took his place.[2] On December 17, 1798, the *Duff*, under the convoy of the frigate *Amphion*, set sail from Spithead. Driven back up the channel to Weymouth by tempest she sailed again on December 23. All Christmas Day she tossed in the tempest, but by New Year's Day the weather had cleared and she made her course westward.

[1] Mah-kah-o.

[2] For the full life of Captain Wilson see *Captain James Wilson*, by Herbert Stead (L.M.S.).

A fortnight later the *Amphion* left her, and the *Duff* sailed on alone. Her captain knew that French warships were cruising in search of British ships. All on board kept a sharp watch. On January 30, 1799, a French man-o'-war was sighted on the horizon. She turned in her course and began to give chase. Captain Robson immediately trimmed his ship, crowded on all sail, strengthening her masts and yards to carry every possible inch of canvas. For hour after hour the chase went on. All eyes were turned aft to the French ship trying to find out which was gaining in the race. Were they going to be captured and taken off as miserable prisoners of war into France? Once they were certain the Frenchman was gaining; then they believed he was losing. For nine hours the two ships flew on through the seas. But at last the man-o'-war, seeing that the race was hopeless, turned in her course and gave up the chase.

Within a few days they sighted the coast of South America. Rio de Janeiro was, on the morning of February 19, within a few hours' sail. Under a light breeze the *Duff* crept through the water. The missionaries sat writing letters to be posted at Rio; the children playing on the deck; the wives sewing or reading. In the bright light of the moon they watched the white sails of another ship that was also making for Rio. Then, after family prayers, they went below to sleep.

As they lay in their bunks a sudden squall of wind and rain smote the *Duff*. Suddenly there came the boom of a gun, then another, and the men on deck heard the cannon ball sing past their heads. The flash of a third gun came, followed by the sound of a harsh voice calling from the stranger through a speaking trumpet.

'What ship? Whence come? Whither bound?'

'Send a boat alongside with the ship's papers,' shouted the stranger, as the answer reached him. Four sailors and the mate tumbled into a boat. In a few minutes the dreaded order, yelled through the hated trumpet, shattered the silence.

'Send all the passengers on board.'

The strange ship was a French privateer—the *Buonaparte*.

A boat's crew came from the Frenchman aboard the *Duff*, all armed with ferocious-looking cutlasses and pistols. Springing on deck they seized the ship and her cargo. The missionaries were torn away from their wives and driven at the sword's point down the side of the *Duff*, to be rowed across to the *Buonaparte* as prisoners of war, followed by Captain Robson and the crew. The ship's doctor of the *Duff* alone was allowed to stay on her with the wives and children.

At dawn next day the missionaries came on deck, only to see the *Duff* being sailed off in an opposite direction. The boys and girls on the *Duff* were

thus carried off from their fathers across the seas to an unknown port as prisoners. For three months the *Buonaparte* cruised about capturing other ships. At last they turned and sailed for Monte Video, the port at the mouth of the River Plate on the South American coast in what is now the Republic of Uruguay.

As the *Buonaparte* sailed into harbour the missionaries discovered with joy the familiar outline of the ship they knew so well, the *Duff*. Early on the following morning they were put into the ship's boat and pulled through the mist to the side of the *Duff*, and climbing aboard surprised and rejoiced their wives and children by suddenly and unexpectedly appearing on deck.

The *Duff* was now—as a prize of war—the property of the French. Captain Robson and the missionaries tried to buy her back, but the French refused. So the missionaries got passages aboard a French brig sailing to Rio de Janeiro. Storms drove down upon the vessel, but she held her course, and at last came almost within sight of Rio, when on the horizon they saw a fleet of ships sailing toward them.

The French captain saw that the fleet was Portuguese. Portugal was the ally of England and the enemy of France. But it was hopeless to try to escape. The ship was seized. The tables were turned. The French captors had become pri-

soners; the British prisoners were free men once more.

They sailed across the Atlantic back to Europe, sighted the heights of Lisbon and her towers, sailed into the harbour full of jostling ships of Portugal, and at last set sail from Lisbon to Falmouth, where they landed safely after their war-adventures on October 13, 1799.

The first ship of peace, the *Duff*, had ended as a captured ship in the hands of the French. Yet she had done immortal deeds. For the men whom she had carried on her stout decks across the world to the South Seas were changing the life of the wild savages behind the still lagoons on islands of coral and rock. The *Duff* began the work that has never ceased for an hour from that first day when she flew the flag of the 'Three Doves' even till to-day.

CHAPTER II

TE MATAMUA ('The Beginning')

I

In the year when the *Duff* sailed out to the South Seas a baby boy was born in Tottenham, in those days a village six miles north of London.[1]

His name was John Williams.

When he was a boy his sisters—Elizabeth, Charlotte, and Mary—and his young brother William, whenever they could not make some game or other, would say,

'Oh, John can do it.'

They said this because he was very strong and nimble with his hands. He could handle cleverly cord and pole or hammer and nail, or build up a 'make-believe' boat or coach. And on his way back from school he was very fond of watching the blacksmith at work.

When he was fourteen years old his father said to him one day:

'We are all going to leave Tottenham and move into London, and you, John, will be an apprentice in an ironmonger's shop.'

So the Williams's moved to their new home among

[1] John Williams, born June 29, 1796.

the streets on the north side of London.[1] Then John was taken to the shop where he was to work.[2] It was full of hammers, and chisels, screwdrivers, hinges, chains, knives, hatchets—all the things that John loved to handle. But what fascinated him most of all was the sound of a hammer ringing upon the anvil in the forge behind the shop.

At night when the shop was shut John went into the workshop, put on the smith's leather apron, swung the hammer, and pounded the glowing iron.

One Sunday evening he went into the Whitefield Tabernacle, Finsbury, where he listened to the minister[3] as he preached a sermon on 'What is a man profited if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?'

As he listened John made the decision that launched him on the oceans of adventure that carried him through the whole of his life. He made up his mind to be a disciple of Jesus Christ.

Some time after that John, already in his twentieth year, heard the minister of the Tabernacle (Matthew Wilks) speaking about the savage people on the islands that Captain Cook had discovered. Slowly he worked out his wish to go to those islands. He offered his services to the Missionary Society, passed the examination that they set him, and was

[1] Spencer Street, Goswell Road.
[2] Mr. Tonkins, 12 City Road.
[3] The Rev. Timothy East.

accepted in July 1816 as a missionary. He loved a girl named Mary Chauner; and she loved him, and the work that he was going to do, so much that she was ready to travel round the world to live among the savage islanders, which was heroic in a girl of nineteen. They were married a short time before the *Harriet* set sail from Gravesend. Together they sailed across the Atlantic to South America, and thence round Cape Horn to Sydney. There they changed into another ship, the *Active*, and turned eastward toward Tahiti, where they landed in November 1817. On the following day they crossed to Eimeo, a smaller island with green valleys divided by splintered peaks of dark volcanic rock.

All through the journey John had examined the beams and ribs, the rudder, planks and masts, the yards and sails and ropes of the ship so that he should know how to build a ship himself.

There he saw on the beach the ribs and keel of a little ship that the missionaries on the island had begun but could not finish. Within three days John had them all at work, and within eight days of beginning work the little sailing vessel was ready to be launched into the sea.

King Pomare christened the ship the *Haweis* in memory of Dr. Haweis who had been one of the greatest leaders in founding the Missionary Society. Many willing natives hauled the *Haweis* down the

beach into the sea. She sailed across the ocean to Sydney, and after a journey or two the missionaries presented her to King Pomare for his own.

There is a beautiful island north-west of Tahiti called Raiatea,[1] whose king, named Tamatoa,[2] came and asked John Williams to come to his island where they worshipped Oro the bloodthirsty god of war. So John Williams sailed there, taught the people both to love Jesus Christ, in place of the cruel Oro on whose altar there little children had been killed for hundreds of years, and to build houses and make furniture.

When he had done this he felt that he must sail to other islands where they still worshipped the gods of cruelty. But he had no ship. He and his colleagues had already sent teachers (Papeiha and Vahapata) to Aitutaki, but could only send or go to them when a sailing ship happened to be passing that way, which was very rare.

At night by the light of a coco-nut lamp he pored over Captain Cook's old charts of the Pacific. He wrote home to the Directors of the Missionary Society:

'To visit and keep up frequent intercourse with the adjacent islands we only want a fine schooner of about twenty to twenty-five tons.' So Williams worked and wrote and planned for a Ship of Peace.

At this time a deep-water sailing ship on the way

[1] Rah-ee-ah-tee-ah. [2] Tah-mah-toh-ah.

to Sydney called at the island, and Williams went aboard her and sailed to Australia.

There he bought a ship for the Missionary Society, a fine new ninety-ton schooner, the *Endeavour.*

John Williams sailed back to Raiatea in a trading ship, while the *Endeavour* loaded her cargo and followed.

When she arrived Tamatoa, the King of Raiatea, was very proud indeed of her. John Williams had taught the king to write, and so Tamatoa, without telling Williams what he was doing, wrote a letter to the Directors of the Missionary Society, which tells exactly what is the use of a ship in the work of carrying the Good News of Jesus Christ among the islands.

This is what the King of Raiatea wrote:

'Raiatea,
'July 9, 1822.

'Dear Friends,

'May you have health and peace, brethren, through Jesus Christ our true Lord.

'This is my speech to you, brethren. Don't think of your money (spent on the ship) that it is lost. We are collecting property to purchase the money that has been consumed: and when sufficient property is collected, we will return the money to you to whom the money belongs. . . .

'A ship is good; for it means useful property will come to our lands, and our bodies be covered with decent cloth. But this is another use of the

ship, when we compassionate the little lands near to us, and desire to send two from among us to those lands to teach them the Gospel of Jesus Christ, the good word of the Kingdom.

'Behold! two of our number here are gone to Rurutu; and at Aitutaki are two others belonging to us. They are teaching the word of God to those lands that did not know the name of Jesus Christ, and they are showing to them the path of salvation.

'We have received all the deceitful, lying gods from Rurutu. They are now in our possession, and the Rurutuans are worshipping Jesus Christ, the true God. . . .

'There is another good thing of our ship. When we desire to see their faces again (i. e. of the teachers on Rurutu and Aitutaki), or to send little properties to them, we have the means. Letters will also reach them, by which they will hear and know the good word we are hearing; and, by means of this ship, they will learn from us all the good customs, and how to act. . . .

'May you have health and peace in your dwelling in Beritani (Britain), through Jesus Christ!

'TAMATOA, King of Raiatea.'

II

'Far away over the edge of the sea', a grey-haired old Raiatean told John Williams, 'there is an island called Rarotonga. It used to be close to Raiatea, but the gods carried it away,' and he pointed to the south-west.

The missionaries decided that John Williams,

with Bourne, one of his fellow-workers, should sail first to Aitutaki,[1] where two splendid Raiatean Christians, Papeiha[2] and Vahapata, were teaching the people the love of Jesus, and then cruise southward in search of the mysterious island of Rarotonga.

The schooner was re-christened by the Raiateans; they called her *Te Matamua*[3] ('The Beginning'). The beach was crowded with brown men and women and boys and girls who waved to the little ship as she started gaily on her long journey over the ocean.

She sailed for five days and nights without tempest or rain till she sighted the hills of Aitutaki, made the western entrance through the reef, and dropped anchor in the lagoon.

Scores of canoes came dashing across the water toward the ship.

'The Good Word has taken root in Aitutaki,' they shouted, 'Good is the Word of God. It is now well with Aitutaki.'

Papeiha and Vahapata came aboard with beaming faces to tell Viriamu (their name for Williams) how they had made bonfires of the old idols, and had built a lovely church, 200 feet long, of wood and white cement (made of coral rock).

So they left new teachers at Aitutaki, and

[1] I-too-tah-kee. [2] Pah-pay-ee-hah.
[3] Mah-tah-moo-ah.

Papeiha sailed with Viriamu in search of the mysterious island of Rarotonga, with its ferocious, treacherous, cannibal savages. They sailed first to the island of Mangaia, but the people there had been made so suspicious and angry by the cruelty of a white trader, that, though Papeiha heroically swam ashore, they were obliged to come away without leaving any teachers.[1]

Te Matamua now headed northward for the island of Atiu, to which the missionaries had just sent two other brown island-teachers from Raiatea.

One morning they sighted the low island fringed with the green of the wormwood trees, and crowned with a flat-topped hill. From the shore a canoe came bearing two thin desponding men with ragged clothes hanging loose on their lean bodies. John Williams could hardly recognize in them the strong smiling teachers whom he had sent from Raiatea.

The savage people of the island had robbed them of all that they had and kept them without food.

Then a great double canoe came, and, on the platform between the two canoes, the strong commanding figure of the tall fierce chief, Roma-tane. He climbed aboard, and to his astonishment found himself face to face with the chief of Aitutaki, who took him by the hand, led him aside, and told him how the idols of Aitutaki were all burned or put

[1] For the exciting adventures that happened on this journey see *John Williams the Shipbuilder*, Chapters IX–X.

down in the hull of *Te Matamua* like logs of timber.

On the following day, Sunday, John Williams read to them, in their own language, the words that show how mad it is to think that a tree that a man uses as firewood can also be a god.[1] It was like a blaze of sunshine in the dark cavern of Roma-tane's mind. He could not sleep for excitement. He wanted to buy an axe to go and cut down trees to build a house for the worship of the true invisible God.

Now Roma-tane was overlord of two other islands, Mitiaro and Mauki, where the people trembled at the very sight of him, for he had been horribly cruel to them.

So Roma-tane sailed with John Williams on *Te Matamua* to see his little islands Mitiaro and Mauki. The chief of Mitiaro, when he saw his king, Roma-tane, on the great canoe with the white sails, trembled, for he knew of the fierce cruelty of this cannibal king. So the chief could hardly believe his ears when, as he stepped on deck, he heard his king say:

'I am come to call you to burn the maraes,[2] and abandon the worship of your gods. I will leave with you a man who will tell you of the one true God whom all men should worship.'

[1] He read the parts of Isaiah xliv and Psalm cxxxv that tell about this.

[2] Altars to the savage gods.

'What!' cried the chief and those with him, 'destroy the maraes? The gods will be furious. Will they not strangle us?'

'No,' answered King Roma-tane, 'it is out of the power of a piece of wood that we have put ornaments upon and called a god to kill us.'

'But,' asked one, 'must we give up Tarianui (Great Ears)?'

'Yes,' answered the king, without a second's hesitation, 'cease to worship him and all the other evil spirits. I am going to leave Tauna, a teacher, with you. Treat him well; give him a house to live in, and food to eat; and listen to his words.'

They sailed away from Mitiaro to Mauki, and there again the people caught their breath in astonishment, as they heard the king daring to urge them to throw into the fire the gods before whom even he had always trembled. At last, when they had recovered themselves a little, they said:

'You say to us that it is a good Word and brings power to save. We will receive it, and will sit at the feet of the teacher.'

As the ship turned back from Mauki to carry Roma-tane to his chief island, Atiu, John Williams asked him about the mysterious island.

'Do you,' said John Williams, 'know an island named Rarotonga?'

'Yes,' replied Roma-tane, 'it is only a day and a night's sail from Atiu.'

So John Williams said 'Farewell' to Roma-tane, and turned the bow of his boat towards Rarotonga. As he sailed away south-west there was a strange wonder in John Williams's heart that, within a week, a remorseless and ferocious cannibal king had begun to know the love of God, and had swept away from his islands the worship of spirits that had held them in thrall ever since, in the dawn of the world, the first man had been blown on to those shores.

III

Baffled by contrary winds *Te Matamua* tacked east and west, and swung away from the line for Rarotonga. Day after day passed, provisions on board were nearly all eaten, starvation on the open ocean stared them in the face. The captain turned round and went to John Williams saying: 'We must give up the search or we shall all be starved.' John Williams knew this was true; yet he hated the thought of going back. He was a scout exploring at the head of God's navy.

It was seven o'clock when the captain told John Williams that they must give up the search.

'In an hour's time,' said Williams, 'we will turn back if we have not sighted Rarotonga.'

So they sailed on. The sun climbed the sky, the cool dawn was giving way to the heat of day.

'Go up the mast and look ahead,' said Williams

to a South Sea Island native. Then he paced the deck, hoping to hear the cry of 'Land', but nothing could the native see.

'Go up again,' cried Williams a little later. And again there was nothing. Four times the man climbed the mast, and four times he reported only sea and sky and cloud. Then there came a sudden cry from the masthead:

'Teie teie, taua fenua, nei!'[1]

('Here, here is the land we have been seeking.')

All rushed to the bows. As the ship sailed on and they came nearer, they saw a lovely island. Mountains, towering peak on peak, with deep green valleys between brown rocky heights hung with vines, and the great ocean breakers, booming in one white line of foaming surf on the reef of living coral, made it look like a vision of fairyland.

They had discovered Rarotonga.

The call came, 'Who will go ashore?' and a canoe was let down from the ship's side; two men, Papeiha and his friend Vahineino, leapt into it. Those two fearlessly paddled towards the shore, which was now one brown stretch of Rarotongans.

Papeiha and Vahineino, who knew the ways of the water from babyhood and could swim before they could walk, waited for a great Pacific breaker, and then swept in on her foaming crest. The canoe

[1] Tay-ee-ay: ta-oo-a: fay-noo-ă: nay-ee.

grated on the shore. They walked up the beach under the shade of a grove of trees and said to the Rarotongan king, Makea, and his people:

'We have come to tell you that many of the islands of the sea have burned their idols. Once we in those islands pierced each other with spears and beat each other to death with clubs; we brutally treated our women, and the children taken in war were strung together by their ears like fish on a line. To-day we come—before you have destroyed each other altogether in your wars—to tell you of the great God, our Father, who through His Son Jesus Christ has taught us how to live as brothers.'

King Makea said he was pleased to hear these things, and came in his canoe to the ship to take the other native teachers on shore with him.

Papeiha and his brown friends, with their wives, went ashore. Night fell, and they were preparing to sleep, when above the thud and hiss of the waves they heard the noise of approaching crowds. The footsteps and the talking came nearer, while the little group of Christians listened intently. At last a chief, carried by his warriors, came near. He was the fiercest and most powerful chief on the island.

When he came close to Papeiha and his friends, the chief demanded that the wife of one of the Christian teachers should be given to him, so that

he might take her away with him as his twentieth wife. The teachers argued with the chief, the woman wept; but he ordered her to be seized and taken off. She resisted, as did the others. Their clothes were torn to tatters by the ferocious Rarotongans. All would have been over with the Christians had not Tapairu, a brave Rarotongan woman and the cousin of the king, opposed the chiefs and even fought with her hands to save the teacher's wife. At last the fierce chief gave in, and Papeiha and his friends, before the sun had risen, hurried to the beach, leapt into their canoe, and paddled swiftly to the ship.

'We must wait and come to this island another day when the people are more friendly,' said every one—except Papeiha, who never would turn back. 'Let me stay with them,' said he.

He knew that he might be slain and eaten by the savage cannibals on the island. But leaving everything he had upon the ship except his clothes and his native Testament, he dropped into his canoe, seized the paddle, and drove the canoe skimming over the rolling waves till it leapt upon the shore.

The savages came jostling and waving spears and clubs as they crowded round him.

'Let us take him to Makea.'

So Papeiha was led to the chief. As he walked he heard them shouting to one another, 'I'll have his hat,' 'I'll have his jacket,' 'I'll have his shirt.'

At length he reached the chief, who looked and said, 'Speak to us, O man, that we may know why you persist in coming.'

'I come,' he answered, looking round on all the people, 'so that you may all learn of the true God, and that you, like all the people in the far-off islands of the sea, may take your gods made of wood, of birds' feathers, and of cloth, and burn them.'

A roar of anger and horror burst from the people. 'What!' they cried, 'burn the gods! What gods shall we then have? What shall we do without the gods?'

They were angry, but there was something in the bold face of Papeiha that kept them from slaying him. They allowed him to stay, and did not kill him.

The islanders soon began to wonder whether, after all, the God of Papeiha was not the true God. When John Williams sailed back to Rarotonga he found that the island people had got together hundreds of their wooden idols, and had burned them in enormous bonfires which flamed on the beach and lighted up the dark background of trees. Those bonfires could be seen far out across the Pacific Ocean, like a beacon light.

John Williams then settled on the island for a long time to teach the people fully about Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER III

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE

As John Williams sat on the shore of Rarotonga and watched the foaming breakers crashing on the barrier reef, the longing came over him to go on to other islands. For, while the ancient gods of war of Rarotonga had been made into bonfires and the people had learned to worship the Father God, John Williams knew that there were many other islands in which men still slew and ate one another, and even buried their little babies alive because they believed that it pleased the cruel gods.

He could not reach these islands without a ship. For month after month his eyes swept the sea from east to west in search of the gleam of a sail, but he never saw one. He knew he would need a seventy-ton ship to face the thousands of miles of the trackless ocean over which he must sail to the other islands, so he determined to build such a ship.

It seemed to be an impossible thing to determine to do. There were trees growing upon the island, but no saw to divide them into planks. There was no iron in the rocks for the inner supports of a ship and to make an anchor. Williams had no

canvas for sails, nor rope for rigging. There was no machinery for making the great ribs of wood that a ship must have, or for curving the stout planks to the shape of the hull. Williams had never even seen a ship built, nor had any Rarotongan knowledge of how to do more than hack a canoe out of a tree with a hatchet.

Yet on that island Williams set himself to build a seventy- or eighty-ton ship fit for ocean voyages.

On the beach lay an old chain cable which a ship's company had left there years before when they had tried to land and had been forced to fly in terror from the savages. John also had a few tools, with a pick-axe, a hoe, an adze, some hatchets and hammers.

The chain cable might be hammered into nails and bolts. But to mould the iron a forge was needed. He had no anvil, nor coal for a forge fire, nor had he the necessary bellows. But he set to work.[1] The rats ate the leather with which he was going to make the bellows, so he constructed out of wood such a box-bellows as was never seen before. In place of coal he used charcoal made from the trees. His anvil was a big stone. He made the piece of chain iron quite hot in the fire to mould it as he wished. He sent the Rarotongans into the woods in search of branches of trees curved in the shape of the hull of the ship. These

[1] For full description see *John Williams the Shipbuilder.*

branches he split into two halves to be used one on each side of the ship. He made large wooden pins to use as nails, and fixed the curved ribs made from the split branches to the wooden keel which he laid down. Then he showed the Rarotongans how to split and smooth branches till they made planks, and the planks were nailed to the ribs. So the hull of the vessel was made; but they had no cord or sails, so John Williams invented a rope-making machine, and taught the people to twist the fibres of the hibiscus tree into strong rope. Native mats, like those on which the Rarotongans slept at night, he took and strengthened for sails.

To raise and furl sail the ship must have blocks (with little grooved wheels, called sheaves, in them) through which the ropes could run. Williams could only make the sheaves to these blocks properly if he had a lathe. He therefore set to work to make a turning lathe. Then he took a pick-axe, a cooper's adze, and a large hoe, and out of these made on the anvil strong iron pintles on which the rudder could swing. The anchor was a crate of wood filled with stones.

John Williams named his ship *The Messenger of Peace*, and she flew the flag of the Doves of Peace. His ambition for her was that she should carry the message of 'Peace on earth' to islands which now were fighting tribe against tribe and island against island.

The wonderful ship was finished, and was pulled into the lagoon from the shore by hundreds of excited brown Rarotongans with shoutings of joy. John Williams, proud to feel the deck of his own ship under his feet, sailed her on a trial trip, but, because his Rarotongan sailors had never managed such a ship before, they nearly wrecked her and smashed her foremast. This, however, was quickly mended. King Makea of Rarotonga then sailed away with John Williams on *The Messenger of Peace* to the island of Aitutaki to see how the Christian people there were faring. The Aitutakians were rejoiced to see the face of John Williams again. They loaded up *The Messenger of Peace* with coco-nuts to plant in Rarotonga, and with pigs, and cats to rid the island of the thousands upon thousands of audacious rats. When 'All aboard' was called and the ship weighed anchor to leave Aitutaki for home, she found herself with a head-wind against her. Williams was obliged to tack, taking his observations with the quadrant and keeping his direction by compass. Three days and two nights passed, and King Makea began to get restless for his beloved Rarotonga. 'Have we not missed my island?' he asked. 'We are sailing "i te tareva kaua"—into wide, gaping space.'

At last the sun set on the third evening. 'I shall never see Rarotonga again,' wailed the despairing

The Messenger of Peace launched

king. 'Go down and go to sleep now,' said Williams. 'When the moon rises above the edge of the sea I will call you up, and you shall see the island.'

'Ka moe ia e tama'—'Can I sleep, friend?' asked King Makea. 'Nay, I will stay on deck and watch.' At last the silver threads of the light of the moon crept over the edge of the sea. She rose, and the gloomy wastes of the sea sparkled and threw back a myriad diamonds of light.

King Makea went to the bow and, shading his eyes with his hand, looked southward. There he saw a thin white line, the foam of the surf in the rays of the moon, and behind it, in dark relief, the wild mountains that he knew so well. He leapt with joy and clapped his hands. Then his eyes sparkled with wonder. 'How do you tell just when the island will come over the edge of the sea?' he asked; and everything that Williams could explain about compasses and sextants only made his amazement deeper.

When *The Messenger of Peace* ran safely into the harbourage of Rarotonga again King Makea, pointing to John Williams, said to his subjects: 'Never again will I call those men warriors who fight on the shore; the English only, who battle with the winds and waves of the ocean, are worthy of that name.'

Soon after this *The Messenger of Peace*, with

John and his wife Mary aboard, sailed eastward toward Tahiti, where the crews of the vessels at anchor looked with amazement at this strange ship with its curving masts, quaint rigging, mat sails, and rough timbers.

The Hon. Captain Waldegrave, of H.M.S. *Seringapatam*, which was in the harbour of Papeete, gave John Williams enough green paint to cover his ship. At Tahiti he got some proper masts and rigging and sails, and after a visit to Raistea, he set out on May 24, 1830, on the long ocean trail to the west.

The first part of this new journey was to be among islands to which Williams had already sailed, the latter part to shores which he had never seen before. Five nights later the ship swung round the promontory at the western point of Mangaia, and Davida the teacher, whom he had left there some time before, and all the Christian people came down to the shore and welcomed Williams and his new colleague Barff, who was on the ship with him. The islanders showed them the large white church made of coral concrete, and gave them a feast spread upon a tablecloth of green leaves. From Mangaia *The Messenger of Peace* sailed north-west to the island of Roma-tane, where they were just in time to join in the festivities of the king's marriage to the daughter of the chief of Mauki. Here Williams and Barff opened a great

new church that the people had built in place of their idol altars ; it held 1,500 people.

Then the missionaries sailed away in *The Messenger of Peace* to Mauki and Mitiaro, the smaller islands over which Roma-tane was king. There they found a people with fires burning at the foot of great trees, waiting and waiting until each tree, being burned away at the foot, fell with a crash. Then they burned away the branches and lighted fires under the tree at different places, which burned it into lengths.

'What are you doing?' asked Williams.

'We are building a temple for Jehovah, the true God,' they replied. 'We have only a few axes, so we fell our trees by fire, and by fire lop them, and divide them into lengths.'

Some friends living in Birmingham had sent to Williams a good supply of axes and saws, hinges, and other tools and ironmongery. He, therefore, gave a good supply of these to the brown people of Mauki and Mitiaro, to hew down and to shape the trees for building their church.

They then sailed away to the south-west, and at the end of two days sighted the lovely island of Rarotonga, where they found that a dreadful disease had spread over the island, making many people ill, while hundreds had died. Williams did all he could to comfort them and then sailed on to Aitutaki, where the people amazed him by putting into his hands £103 in money.

'This,' they said, 'is to cause the Word of God to grow in other lands.'

Now Williams knew that they had never before had any money in their hands. How had this great wealth come to them? Then he remembered a conversation that he had had with the Aitutaki people on his last visit to them.

'How are you able to come here and bring this message to us?' the people had asked.

'Men and women and boys and girls in the far-off islands of Beritani (Britain) collect money in order to send missionaries to you,' he had replied.

'What is money?' they had asked. In the islands then there was no such thing; all buying and selling were by exchange—say, of a tomahawk for coco-nuts.

When Williams had explained money to them, they had exclaimed:

'What a pity that we have no money to help the good work of causing the Word of God to grow!'

'You can buy money with your hogs,' he replied. 'Let every family set aside a pig for the purposes of making the Word grow.'

Early next morning he had been awakened by the piercing squeals of a hundred pigs all along the beach. The people were busy cutting a nick in the ears of the selected pigs, marking them out to be sold for the sake of the Word.

Now they had sold all the marked pigs to a

captain who anchored off the island. He had paid £103 for them. Every farthing of this great sum, the first money that the people of Aitutaki had ever handled, was given to help to spread the Good News which had come to them.

With a joyful heart Williams went aboard, and hoisting the flag of peace, sailed into the unknown west for five days, till at last they reached the rocky place called Savage Island by Captain Cook, who had found its inhabitants so ferocious that he sailed away without landing. It is now called Niuè, and is a part of the British Empire. Missionaries of the London Missionary Society are at work there.

As the boat of *The Messenger of Peace* was lowered and pulled for the shore, they saw the Savage Islanders drawn up in battle array on the beach. Each man had three or four spears, and a belt full of fighting-stones. The teachers in the boat at last persuaded the islanders to put out in canoes and paddle cautiously toward *The Messenger of Peace.* One wild old chief, his tall body smeared with charcoal, his long grey hair and matted beard plaited and twisted like whipcord, came aboard and began to leap about, shaking his spear and howling horribly, gnashing his teeth, thrusting his long grey beard into his mouth and gnawing it savagely, and then leaping overboard was rowed back to the shore. After repeated attempts it seemed clear that the islanders were too savage

and wild to make it possible to leave any teachers with them.

Williams therefore, with difficulty, persuaded two young Savage Islanders, named Uea and Niumanga, to sail with them.

When the ship swung out to sea again the young islanders began to yell and tear their hair in fear. For three days they neither ate nor drank nor slept, fearing that they were to be killed and eaten. But at last they realized that John Williams was their friend, and began to talk with him, and to learn the reason why he sailed among the islands of the seas.

CHAPTER IV

A MESSAGE TO SAMOA

One morning they sailed into a narrow channel among lovely islets, which gradually brought them nearer a wide flat island, called Tongatabu, where they discovered two Wesleyan Methodist missionaries busily at work. The bows of *The Messenger of Peace* were turned northward toward the Samoan Islands. As they started, they took aboard a man named Fauea.

'I am a chief of the Samoan Islands,' he said, 'but for eleven years I have been away from my home and know not how to return, if you will not take me. I will tell the people there to receive you well.'

Tupou, the king of Tongatabu, told Williams that what Fauea said was true; and that his wife was a Christian, and he, though not a declared worshipper of our Lord, was friendly to the new religion.

'We will take you and your wife and family to the islands,' said Williams, to Fauea's great delight. After a difficult voyage, they at last heard the man at the look-out shout 'Land ho!' But a great gale caught the ship, tearing the sails into tatters, and straining *The Messenger of Peace* in every timber.

She held on, however, gamely, and at last got round to the leeward of the island into comparative shelter. It was the farthest west of the islands of Samoa, called Savaii. John Williams wished to land at Sapapalii, a village on this island where the great chief Malietoa lived. For day after day the ship beat up against a violent head-wind. Sunday came, but the wind still held. With torn sails and battered hull they crept into bay after bay seeking anchorage. At last they found good soundings and dropped anchor, to get rest and repair damages.

All hope of quiet was shattered, however, for canoes came shooting out from the shore to bring goods for barter.

Fauea leaned over the rail and shouted: 'This is e vaa lotu (a praying ship), and this is le aso so (a sacred day). Bring food and goods to-morrow.' He then gathered some of the savages on the quarter-deck.

'Tahiti, Rarotonga, Tongatabu,' he said, 'have burned their gods and have turned to the worship of the God who made all things. These white men have come to bring you knowledge which will end your wars. Can the religion of these wonderful papalangi (foreigners) be anything but wise and good?' he said, pointing to Williams and Barff. 'Their heads are covered, ours are open to the heat of the sun and the wet of the rain; their bodies are covered with beautiful cloth, we have nothing

but a girdle of leaves; they have clothes on their very feet, while ours are naked like a dog's.'

The wind and the waves still rose and were so strong that the anchor began to drag. The ship was driven toward the sea until she had paid out forty fathoms of chain. All on board toiled at the chain, but it took hours of labour before the anchor swung clear and the ship to set sail to sea.

Sunrise on the second morning found the ship entering the narrow waters between the lovely Samoan islands of Savaii and Upolu. *The Messenger of Peace* hove to in front of the village of Sapapalii, the home of the chief Malietoa. The Samoans came out in their canoes and swarmed aboard. Malietoa the chief, John Williams found, had crossed to Upolu and was fighting in a war there. The mountains and the shore were wrapped in flames and smoke, where the savage chief was burning the houses and plantations, and even throwing the bodies of the women and children and old men into the fire. The brown apostles from *The Messenger of Peace* found war facing them.

Malietoa came aboard, and John Williams pleaded with him to cease fighting in that war. 'They killed Tamafainga,' he replied, stoutly. 'Tamafainga was related to me. We must avenge his death. If I did not fight and break down my enemies I should be spat upon. When it is finished, I will place my-

self under your teachers.' Malietoa left the ship, promising to come with his largest canoe in the morning to bring Williams ashore.

A dead calm fell upon the sea. In the morning it was impossible for Malietoa to get his canoe out to them, for they, in the night, had drifted twelve miles away, the sea being too deep for anchorage.

So Williams and Barff let down the ship's boat and tugged at the oars for hour after hour through the morning and afternoon until darkness fell. The boat was leaking, and they had difficulty in keeping her afloat. Malietoa sent out a canoe to help, for they were now in sight of the shore, and lighted by a huge beacon fire on the beach, they were brought safely to the landing-place, where amid a tremendous torchlight procession through the groves of palm-trees, Williams and Barff were led to the chief's village, and each with his head on a bundle of dried grass, slept through the night.

Williams talked with the chief and with his people in the days that followed. Then, having left brown teachers with their wives and children on the island, he went once more aboard *The Messenger of Peace*, and sailed away towards Savage Island, to take back the two wild young warriors who were still aboard.

For fourteen days Williams sailed with contrary winds broken by calm, and still he was 200 miles west of Savage Island, while provisions were

running short. They must reach port with all speed, or starve on the ocean. Then strangely enough the wind veered and sprang up from the west and blew towards Rarotonga, which lay 800 miles to the east. The west wind held for a week, when they sighted the mountains of Rarotonga, where hundreds of people crowded along the white beach, waving their hands and shouting 'Welcome'. At four o'clock that afternoon they dropped anchor off Avarua village, where King Makea and all the people greeted them with glad smiles of welcome.

Three days later they sailed again, calling at Mangaia and Rurutu on their way to Tahiti, which they reached in forty-eight hours from Rurutu. With this wonderful wind from the west, in an ocean where it nearly always blows from the east, *The Messenger of Peace* had actually sailed 1,800 miles in fifteen days.

From Tahiti Williams visited Eimeo and then sailed for Huahine. At last *The Messenger of Peace* proudly ran once more into the familiar lagoon under the shelter of the towering peaks of Raiatea.

John Williams had now in this wonderful ship of his voyaged for thousands of miles and lighted beacon fires of the gospel of peace from Rurutu to Rarotonga, from Aitutaki to the far Samoan island of Savaii.

Sailing back to his old island of Raiatea, Williams

stayed for six months there. Then he and his wife Mary, with their boys John and Samuel, went aboard the ship and sailed away again to Rarotonga. There Williams planned a cruise with his new colleague, Aaron Buzacott, and King Makea round the islands of Aitutaki, Mangaia, Atiu, and Mauki.

After this circular journey around the islands, Williams, with greater daring than ever, planned to take a long voyage farther west than he had ever been before. With iron and copper and other materials sent from Britain, he lengthened and strengthened the sturdy old *Messenger of Peace.*

One day, as the ship lay in harbour, there came a deathly stillness and then a dense pall over the whole sky that blotted out the horizon. A terrible flash of lightning blazed across the ocean, and thunder rolled wildly in the sky. Darkness, borne on the hurricane, rushed across the ocean. All through the night and into Sunday the wind roared and howled, giant trees were snapped like twigs, and cottages swept away like houses of cards.

Before the cold dawn on Monday, Williams was out and on his way to the harbourage. He tried to take the sea-path, but the screaming hurricane strangled him and would not let him move. He turned to the forest road, and though trees fell crashing across the road before him and behind, he escaped without harm.

At the moment of the most awful intensity, when wind, sea, and sky raved, the wind shifted. As if by magic the storm was hushed and the sun shone out.

What of the ship? She had disappeared, leaving not a spar behind.

Then a shout came from inland: 'The ship, the ship!' And there, among the trees, driven a quarter of a mile inland by the enormous waves, in a grove of chestnut trees, lay *The Messenger of Peace* unharmed.

How could they move her? It seemed impossible, for she was set deep in mud. But Williams prepared mighty levers of wood and raised first her bow and then her stern, until she was out of the mud. Then he placed tree-trunks as rollers in front of her, and many hundreds of Rarotongans together, with faces quivering and sinews strained, tugged at ropes until the ship slid along the rollers and down the beach into the water again.

With sails hoisted and anchor weighed, and with King Makea as well as Williams aboard, she sailed out into the west. For five days the wind held, and then, having sailed 800 miles, she reached Manua, the most easterly Samoan island, which, as Williams knew, no white missionary had ever visited.

In Manua, Williams was delighted and surprised to find a number of Christian people who had

learned of Jesus from brown teachers. He sailed on to Tutuila, where in a lovely bay he discovered many Christians. There too, they had become, as they said, 'Sons of the Word,' and had built a church all through the teaching of brown apostles, who had themselves been taught by the men whom Williams had left on the island of Savaii with King Malietoa. They now sailed to Savaii.

After some adventures with the chiefs of the Samoan islands,[1] *The Messenger of Peace* turned her bows south towards the little island of Niuatabutabu, and thence towards the Fiji Islands.

As Williams lay asleep one night, the mate of the ship ran down the companion-ladder and awoke him, calling out: 'You must get up at once, sir; the ship has sprung a leak. She is half-full of water, and is sinking fast.'

Williams ran on deck at once. There was already water four feet deep in the hold. They must pump or sink. For an hour they worked, and then discovered they had reduced the water in the hold by six inches. When they looked into the hold they discovered the sea pouring in. So all through the night and day they pumped. For seven days the pumping had to go on, until at Tonga they found two British ships riding at anchor, and by the advice of their captains and with the help of the

[1] For full details see *John Williams the Shipbuilder*.

islanders, they beached and careened[1] *The Messenger of Peace.* They mended her hull, and then, taut and trim as ever, she sailed east, back to the familiar mountain-tops of Rarotonga.

It was now many years since Mary and John Williams had come across the world from London to the islands, so they decided to go home to Britain with their children for a furlough.

Williams sent off his beloved *Messenger of Peace* to Tahiti to be sold, thinking that he could follow in another ship which he expected would call at Rarotonga. But no ship came.

Williams was just beginning to think of building another ship to carry them to Tahiti, when he found that a trader, who had landed on the island, had tried to build a ship, but had not been able to finish her. Williams paid the trader for the hull as it stood, set to work with forge and anvil, saw and hammer, and swiftly completed the little ship.

But he was not yet home, and perils lay between him and Britain. They sailed away to Tahiti and Eimeo its sister island. Here Williams found a British weaver named Armitage, who had been sent out by the Missionary Society to teach the people to weave. So Williams turned the ship and sailed back to Rarotonga, calling at Atiu on the way. Williams and Armitage landed, and during the night a gale rose and the little ship

[1] Heaved her on her side, to show the keel.

was obliged to run out to sea for safety. In the morning she was out of sight.

Weeks passed, and at last a little boy ran to Williams, just at dusk, and said: 'There is a speck on the edge of the sea.' They ran to look, but already the sun had gone, and the surface of the sea was dark.

Williams woke long before the sun rose next morning and climbed to the edge of the hill. As the first faint rays of pink light flushed the sky and lighted the sea, he looked out over the water and, to his joy, saw their little ship approaching the island.

Without any delay they went aboard, amid the weeping of the Atiuans, who were disappointed that the ship had come back to take away their white friends. From Atiu he sailed to Rarotonga, where King Makea and all the people clustered round him as he landed with Armitage, the master-weaver; and so back to Tahiti and Raiatea.

Williams now really started to go home to Britain, which he had not seen for seventeen years. When he reached Britain he told his adventures to the people, and called on the British boys and girls and men and women to give to the London Missionary Society a new and more splendid ship than any he had had for carrying the gospel to the people of the South Seas.

CHAPTER V

THE CAMDEN

'He spoke as a messenger of Fairyland,' said a great orator of John Williams after he had heard the stories of his adventures. 'He told such tales as no man ever told before, and every sentence bore the deep impress of truth.'

As men and women and children heard him, they would laugh and sob and then break into great cheering; they felt that they would do and give anything to help this glorious work of carrying to the peoples in the South Seas the Good News of Jesus Christ.

While John Williams was going about the country speaking to people, he also wrote a book about all his adventures, with the long title *A Narrative of Missionary Enterprises in the South Sea Islands, with Remarks upon the Natural History of the Islands, Origin, Languages, Traditions, and Usages of the Inhabitants.* Men said that nothing so exciting and wonderful had been written since Captain Cook published his voyages.

John Williams all this time was dreaming of a ship that would be stronger and sail faster than the stout old *Messenger of Peace.* In this ship he

THE 'CAMDEN' LEAVING THE RIVER THAMES

From the coloured picture by G. Baxter

wanted specially to go on to farther islands where the cannibals lived in the Western Pacific.

In all parts of Britain he spoke of his plan ; and at length men had given enough money to buy a fine brig, the *Camden*, for the London Missionary Society, in which Williams and sixteen other missionaries were to sail from the Thames to the South Seas.

A ship's pilot came one day, saying, 'I wish to have the privilege of piloting the *Camden* out of port for nothing.'

The regular pilot's fee for this was from £20 to £25.

Another man, who made his living by supplying ships with pure, filtered water for long voyages, after he had put twenty tons of water on the *Camden*, refused to be paid. Her captain was to be Captain Morgan, a Christian mariner who knew the South Pacific as no other sailor did.

One early spring morning a steamship, *The City of Canterbury*, threw off her moorings from London Bridge with 400 friends on board, including John Williams and other missionaries. Williams stayed on the platform and waved to the thousands of people on London Bridge, who fluttered their handkerchiefs in response. They steamed down to Gravesend and ran alongside the *Camden*.

John and Mary Williams and their little boy Willie, with their eldest son John and his wife,

went on board the *Camden*. Their son Samuel, who was to stay in England, waved his handkerchief from the *City of Canterbury*, and then looked for the last time on the face of his father.

Next day the *Camden*, having anchored overnight off Margate, put out of Deal, having dropped the friendly pilot who had conducted the ship past the treacherous and shifting Goodwin Sands.

Williams was in high spirits. He wrote home to his sisters in London:

'We are gliding down the Channel most delightfully with a fine breeze and a smooth sea. The bleating of the sheep, the quacking of the ducks, the crowing of the cocks, and the singing of John's canaries, make us think that we are still on shore, though I cannot persuade our sea-sick folks that such is the case. The vessel is the most perfect we could have obtained.'

Williams loved a fast ship, and he exulted as the *Camden* outdistanced other craft. He wrote, on the next day, as they were passing the Isle of Wight:

'Our vessel is gliding splendidly past every ship she sees, even those double her size. The weather is beautiful, and the wind veering round just as we require it.'

So the *Camden* ran down the Channel, having to put into Dartmouth Harbour for four days to escape a contrary gale, and then out again down past the coast of Africa to Simon's Bay.

On July 9, 1838, the *Camden* again set all sail and ran triumphantly through a violent gale until she reached Sydney Harbour.

In October the *Camden* unfurled her sails and ran out from Sydney into the open sea. For four weeks she ran eastward with all sails set, till she sighted the green heights of Tutuila and dropped anchor in the lovely bay of Pagopago.

As Williams put ashore and went up to a new church which the people had just built, an old chief, his voice trembling with excitement, pointed to Williams and said, 'This is the great white chief who was to come from beyond the edge where the sky meets the sea. This is he who has brought the new Word. Hold fast to all that he teaches you.'

From Pagopago they sailed again round to Leone Bay, where the Christian chief Amoamo feasted John Williams and listened to his words.

The *Camden* then swung out on to the ocean again and bore up for the next island, Upolu. As they came near to the harbour of Apia they saw, gleaming between the brown trunks of the trees, the new white coral-plaster churches of the different villages under the dark rich green of the palm fronds.

On board were three missionaries intended for this great island. As they landed the news spread like a forest-fire over the hills and mountains.

Chiefs came hurrying down from distant parts of the island to plead for one of the 'papalangi' to settle with his tribe.

John Williams then went round the island to a place called Fasetootai, where he thought he might settle with his wife, where King Malietoa of Sapapalii had conquered the Upoluans. As Williams and his wife stopped to look around, two fine, tall, young chiefs came to John and Mary.

'Stay with us. Live with us,' they pleaded. 'It is because of the Word that we are here and can lie down and sleep in peace at night without the dread of the slaying-club of the warriors. Only one thing we lack. If you would come and live among us we should never cease rejoicing for the whole of our lives!'

Williams did not have to say that he would. He had only got as far as nodding his assent when they jumped for joy, and ran to the village, shouting to the people. Over five hundred of them ran as hard as they could through the woods. They ran for twenty miles till they came to Apia, where they knew all the luggage of their beloved 'Viliamu', as they called Williams, had been left.

Some of them had already learned the shape of a letter W. Running in and out among the luggage, wherever they came on a package labelled with Williams's initial they shouted with joy and

picked it up. At last they had found every box that he owned.

They formed up in single file along the shore, and started off home again with bundles, boxes, crates on their heads, shouting, laughing, and when the bundle was not too heavy, dancing for joy.

Songs were made up, which they sang as they marched along between the surf and the palms. The chorus which all the five hundred thundered out at the top of their voices was :

> Viliamu is coming, is coming, is coming ;
> He is bringing the 'lotu'[1] to Fasetootai.

At Fasetootai John Williams and Mary and their son had strange adventures.[2]

But the old yearning came on him to see his beloved island-peoples of the eastern ocean once more, and then to sail still farther west. So the brig weighed anchor and set her sails for Rarotonga. For over a fortnight they tacked eastward, and at last the green forests and brown peak of Rarotonga, which Williams had not seen for over five years, rose over the edge of the sea.

As they sailed past the beach, above which the white cottages and church glittered in the sunshine, the cannon aboard the *Camden* boomed out a salute.

[1] The true religion.

[2] See *John Williams the Shipbuilder*, Chapters XXIV, XXV.

Canoes were soon shooting out from the shore. The Rarotongans in the canoes saw the face that they knew so well, and, turning, shouted with joy to their friends:

'Viliamu has come! It is Viliamu!'

The people on the shore danced for joy, and in a few moments the whole village was thrilling with the excitement of the news. The ship sailed on, and half an hour later the cannon boomed out again in salute of the royal village of Avarua.

John Williams ordered some great boxes to be hoisted from the hold.

'Take care,' he shouted, as these were let down over the side. They were, in his view, the most precious freight that any of his ships had ever carried—5,000 Rarotongan New Testaments.

As the boxes were opened the people crowded round to secure one of these priceless treasures. Every one was eager to buy a copy. One man, as he secured his, hugged the book in ecstasy; another and another kissed it; others held them up and waved them in the air.

One night a great wind arose. In the morning the *Camden* had completely disappeared. No one knew what had happened to her. But, at last, weeks later, she hove in sight one morning, and on the next day they all went on board. They sailed away to Tahiti, and thence to Huahine, where Williams opened a dainty little Christian church

on the very spot where there had stood an altar on which men, women, and children had been sacrificed to the gods.

Viliamu then sailed on the *Camden* to Raiatea, and thence to Borabora and Atiu. Here, as he was landing, Williams was hurled into the sea by a wave which turned the canoe upside down. The ship's boat was close by; the receding wave swung Williams out to sea, and half a dozen hands reached out to grasp him and pull him aboard. This was the seventh time that he had escaped being drowned.

When the *Camden* had run down again to Rarotonga and up to Aitutaki, Williams had seen most of the islands in which he had been the pioneer-apostle. In all of them he spoke to the listening people of the great dark islands of the western ocean, where none had heard of the Word and mothers still slew their babies to please the loathsome gods of blood, just as they had done in Raiatea and the islands of the Eastern Pacific before the coming of the Good News of the Kingdom.

As the bow of the *Camden* was turned westward again, and she sailed toward Samoa, Williams, gazing back at Rarotonga, took his last look of the lovely island. Then he turned, untired and undaunted, to the new perils of the savage islands, where man rarely dared to land.

At last he was back on the Samoan Islands at

Upolu, and the *Camden* sailed off on another journey to return with an Englishman on board, who wished to give himself to the great work which he saw that Williams and the other missionaries were doing.

Williams gathered all his people together in the church, and spoke to them of 'the great voyage' that he was to take on the morrow. And he read to them these words:

And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all,
And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him,
Sorrowing most of all for the word which he had spoken, that they should behold his face no more.
And they brought him on his way unto the ship.

It was more than the Upoluans, who loved their Tama Viliamu, could stand. Strong, hardened warriors, who could face death without flinching, bowed their heads, and tears ran down their brown cheeks.

Williams went out into the darkening twilight, and he himself was weeping. His wife had never, in all his life of peril and adventure, seen him so sad. At midnight he said farewell to her and to John and Carrie, and he took up little William and kissed him.

'Do not, do not land on Erromanga,' said Mary Williams.

With those words in his ears John passed from her, and went down to the harbour at Apia.

When dawn came up, Williams, Harris, Cunningham (British Vice-Consul in the Pacific), and Captain Morgan went aboard the *Camden*. With them were twelve brown teachers for the unknown islands of the west. The brig's sails were spread and her course set westward. She ran like a deer on the plain along the great ocean. By the Tuesday she had run 600 miles in less than three days, and sighted Rotuma.

They were now only 60 miles from the nearest of the Hebrides. They sailed through the night and at dawn found themselves close to Fotuna Island. They made friends with the sooty-coloured savages, smeared with red, who belonged to the island, and then sailed on through the night till by dawn the *Camden* was off another island called Tanna.

The ship's boat put off and took ashore three of the brown teachers from Samoa.

'These,' said Williams to the three Tanna chiefs Lalolago, Salamea, and Mose, who came to greet them, 'are the chiefs of God who are come to live with you and to teach you,' and he pointed to the three teachers.

The Tanna chiefs smiled delightedly at this, but in the evening, tribes had arrived from other parts of the island howling for fish-hooks and for gifts.

They refused to let Williams and Morgan and Harris go back to the ship. A hundred of them surrounded the boat, but a friendly chief argued with the savages. At last they left their hold of the little boat, and Williams and his friends went back to the ship for the night. The next day the brig stood northward for Erromanga—the island from whose shore even Captain Cook had turned away, pursued by spears and stones and arrows.

Cunningham and Williams at dawn watched the grey stone-covered beach, and behind the beach the dense bush and the waving fronds of palms. Williams was strangely excited. He felt that he was entering on a new adventure. He had lived for so many years among the brown Polynesians of the Eastern Pacific, now he was in the New Hebrides, among the fierce and black cannibal islanders of the Western Pacific. If he won here, a thousand islands were open to him.

They were treacherous and violent savages who would smash a skull by one blow with a great club; or leaping on a man from behind, would cut through his spine with a single stroke of their tomahawks, and then drag him off to their cannibal oven.

'Let down the whale-boat.' His voice rang out without tremor of fear. His eyes were on the canoe in which three black Erromangans were paddling across the bay. As the boat touched the

water, he and the crew of four dropped into her with Captain Morgan and the two friends, Harris and Cunningham.

The oars dipped and flashed in the morning sun as the whale-boat flew along towards the canoe. When they reached it Williams spoke in the dialects of the other islands, but none could the three savages in the canoe understand. So he gave them some beads and fish-hooks as a present to show that he was a friend; and again his boat shot away toward the beach.

They pulled to a creek where a brook ran down in a lovely valley between two mountains.

Picking up a bucket from the boat, Williams held it out to the chief who was on the beach, and made signs to show that he wished for water from the brook. The chief took the bucket, and turning, ran up the beach and disappeared. For a quarter of an hour they waited, and for half an hour. At last, when the sun was now high in the sky, the chief returned with the water.

Williams drank from the water to show his friendliness. Then his friend Harris, getting over the side of the boat, waded ashore through the cool, sparkling, shallow water and sat down. The natives ran away, but soon came back with cocoanuts and opened them for him to drink.

Williams now waded ashore and Cunningham followed. Captain Morgan stopped to throw out

the anchor of his little boat and then stepped out and went ashore, leaving his crew of four brown islanders resting on their oars.

Williams and his two companions scrambled up the stony beach, over the grey stones and boulders alongside the tumbling brook, for over a hundred yards. Turning to the right they were lost to sight from the water's edge. Captain Morgan was just following them when he heard a terrified yell from the crew in the boat.

Williams and his friends had gone into the bush—Harris in front, Cunningham next, and Williams last. Suddenly Harris, who had disappeared in the bush, rushed out, followed by yelling savages with clubs. Harris rushed down the bank of the brook, stumbled, and fell in. The water dashed over him, and the Erromangans, with the red fury of slaughter in their eyes, leapt in and beat in his skull with clubs.

Cunningham, with a native at his heels with lifted club, stooped, picked up a great pebble, and hurled it full in the face of the savage who was pursuing him; the man was stunned. Turning again, Cunningham leapt safely into the boat.

Williams, leaving the brook, had rushed down the beach to leap into the sea. Reaching the edge of the water, where the beach falls steeply into the sea, he slipped on a pebble and fell into the water.

Cunningham, from the boat, hurled stones at the natives, who rushed at Williams as he lay prostrate in the water with a savage over him with uplifted club. The club fell, and other Erromangans, rushing in, beat John Williams with their clubs and shot at him with their arrows. Boys rushed down and beat his body with stones until the ripples of the beach ran red with his blood.

The hero of a hundred islands was dead—the first martyr of Erromanga.

Captain Morgan, knowing that to recover Williams's body was impossible, sailed the *Camden* to Sydney. From Sydney a ship-of-war, H.M.S. *Favourite*, was commissioned to sail for Erromanga.

When the *Favourite* sailed on to Samoa scores of canoes put out to meet her. A brown Samoan guided the first canoe.

'Missi Viliamu,' he shouted.

'He is dead,' came the answer.

The man stood as though stunned. He dropped his paddle, he drooped his head, and great tears welled out from the eyes of this dark islander and ran down his cheeks.

'Aue, Viliamu! aue, Tama!' he wailed. 'Alas, Williams! alas, our father!'

It was at dead of night when a panting messenger reached Fasetootai, and awakened Mary Williams from her quiet sleep to break to her the tidings.

She could not weep; she sat stunned with an agony of sorrow, speechless, tearless.

Then, in the growing morning twilight, came cries of anguish. Chiefs, teachers, and multitudes of Samoans came gathering round the house, crying 'Aue, Viliamu! aue, Tama!'

. . . . . .

The brig *Camden* was sailed back to Britain, where people throughout the land mourned greatly that such a hero was dead. They talked together and worked out a plan for carrying on his work and keeping his name alive for evermore.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN WILLIAMS I

One day, just after mid-summer in 1843, the *Camden* sailed into a British port, having gone across the world to the South Seas, sailed from island to island for five years, and now returned home. They took her into dry-dock, and examined her keel to see whether she was fit for another voyage. Her hull was battered, and her decks and masts had been damaged by the storms of the years.

'No,' said the experts who examined her, 'it will cost a great deal of money to fit her for another voyage, and if a ship is to sail from island to island right across the South Pacific, she really ought to be larger than the *Camden* is.'

'How,' said the directors of the Missionary Society to one another, 'are we to raise the money for a new ship? Let us ask the boys and girls who care about the work that John Williams did if they can secure the money for us.'

So the story of how John Williams had sailed through the South Seas and had died to carry the news of Jesus Christ to the savage islands was told to the boys and girls. They knew that

they, too, could do some of this wonderful work themselves, simply by helping to build a great ship in which others might go. So with a will the boys and girls went to work.

Many of them were ready to give up anything that they could in order to help. Two poor Sunday School girls who worked at a mill raised 15*s.* for the ship by giving up their dinner hour for several days and selling a loaf of bread which they needed for themselves. For the same object some boys earned 1*s.* each after labouring through the day, by working all night in a coal-pit. One little girl sold her favourite doll and devoted the produce, 4*s.*, to the good cause. Another, who had just before become for the first time in her life the possessor of a piece of gold, gave it heartily to the ship.

Two little boys who had each 2*s.* 6*d.*, and a third who had only 1*s.*, devoted their all to the same object. Two Irish girls who had received 10*s.* for toys acted in the same spirit. A little boy who for nine years had hoarded up half-a-crown, which was new and glittering when he first received it, cheerfully drew the favourite piece of money from his purse.

The directors asked the children for £4,000 to buy a new ship, but the boys and girls were so enthusiastic that they actually raised £6,237. While the boys and girls were collecting the money a ship was being built at Harwich on the east coast

The first *John Williams*

of England. When she was finished she weighed 297 tons; she was 103 feet long, 24 feet 8 inches broad, and 16 feet deep.

In the early spring of 1844, on March 20, she was launched into the water and christened with the name of the great missionary shipbuilder himself, *John Williams.*

From Harwich she sailed round to the mouth of the Thames and up into the West India Docks. And then on a beautiful sunny summer morning, June 5, 1844, the missionaries went on board her at Green Hythe; the sails were unfurled, and she ran out into the open sea. Forward she went week after week, across the equator and down to Table Bay, Cape Town, and so on eastward round the coast of Australia to Hobart Town and Sydney, where she was moored to the quay-side on October 27.

When the *John Williams* was bought, letters had been sent out to the missionaries of the South Seas to say she was coming, and the island peoples were filled with excitement at the thought of the splendid ship which was to come and sail among them, carrying the good news.

So, when the glint of her sails across the blue sea was seen by some of the brown people on Huahine Island, they dashed down to the beach, dancing with joy and singing; but suddenly a shiver ran through the hearts of the people there on the

beach, for they saw their beloved new ship run aground close to the cruel, jagged, death-dealing coral reef. For half an hour she hung there, and if any storm had risen she would have been dashed to pieces, but the tide rose quietly and lifted her from the rock, and she sailed into the blue lagoon.

From Huahine she set sail again across the waters eastward to Rarotonga, where the people among whom John Williams himself had lived for so long a time went wild with delight at seeing the ship that bore his name come to anchor off their island. One day, as she lay there, suddenly dark storm-clouds came racing across the sky and lashed the sea into roaring breakers.

The raging gale drove the tormented boat out to sea, wrenching at her groaning masts and making her reel and sway in the trough of the mountainous waves.

A snap and a crash and a wild flapping of canvas —the storm had broken some of her spars, and even the brown island sailormen were hard put to it to trim her remaining sails and keep her from becoming a wreck.

At last, however, the storm grew quiet, and after a week she sailed back, battered but triumphant, to Rarotonga. From Rarotonga she sailed northward to Aitutaki.

One of the missionaries, Mr. Heath, was going

ashore in the ship's boat, but the breakers, catching the boat, swung it up and turned it upside down, throwing Mr. Heath into the water. A young Aitutakian standing on the beach leapt forward, dashed into the foam and turmoil of the waves, with the breakers bursting over him, and at the risk of his own life rescued the drowning missionary.

Then the ship ran westward and came within sight of the island of Savaii in the Samoan group. Mr. Harbutt, one of the missionaries, was out in a whale-boat with brown Samoan oarsmen, and they gazed intently at this big vessel. 'Look,' he said, 'perhaps that is the missionary ship.' Resting upon their oars, they said what a fine ship she was, but were sure that she was a man-of-war. She sailed nearer, and at last they could see the noble purple flag with the three doves. 'It is, it is the *John Williams*', they cried. 'Ua, sau le vaa, ua, sau le vaa.' 'Has come the ship! Has come the ship!' With all their strength they strained at the oars to pull their boat as quickly as possible alongside the ship, and then climbed aboard, laughing and weeping and shaking hands, and singing the praise of the boys and girls in England who had with their offerings built and sent out the ship.

As the ship sailed proudly into the beautiful harbour of Apia, with the green palms fringing the beach and the lovely mountains behind, the water

of the whole port was almost churned into foam by hundreds of canoes and thousands of paddles.

It seemed as though the whole island were shouting welcome to the ship, whose decks were now covered with brown Samoans bringing presents for the missionaries.

The boys and girls of Samoa heard with excitement the story of how the boys and girls of Britain had bought and sent out the *John Williams*. They wondered what they could do. Then they heard that fifteen of their own Samoan young men were going to sail in the ship as missionary teachers to other islands. They knew that when the missionary teachers arrived at the islands they would need to have canoes in which to travel round the coast; so they set to work at once to collect all that they could, and with the money they bought twenty-nine canoes. The boys and girls thronged down in hundreds upon the shore of Apia harbour and danced with joy as the canoes were launched into the bay, paddled out to the *John Williams*, then hoisted on to her deck. Soon after this, with sails set, and with the beach brown with cheering Samoans, she set sail into the seas. To and fro she went from island to island, east and west, and north and south, carrying teachers and bearing letters and books. Wherever she went, all the people—boys and girls and men and women—loved her, and shouted with joy when her sails came in view over the edge of

the sea. Then the natives of the islands loaded her up with arrowroot, coconut-oil, and other good things, and she turned her bows homeward to Britain, having paid 125 visits to thirty-seven islands and having sailed 100,000 miles in the three years. The ship arrived in the Thames in May 1847. While she lay there great crates were hoisted aboard and put in her hold. They contained books in strange languages. There were 5,000 copies of the Bible in the language of the people of Tahiti, and 4,000 copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. There was also a whole chapel made of iron plates, and a printing press and type for setting up and making books; also iron tanks, into which the coconut-oil from the islands could be poured, as gifts from the natives for the work of the Missionary Society.

Then on October 18, 1847, the *John Williams* sailed once more for the South Seas, and in the following April the Bibles and copies of the *Pilgrim's Progress* were hoisted out of the hull, and sold to the eager Tahitians.

From Tahiti she sailed to the island of Aneityum and to Vate. There the wind suddenly died away into complete calm. The unfathomable sea was so deep that there was no anchorage, though the rocks of the coast were close. Suddenly the Captain discovered that a swift current was carrying the ship steadily towards the rocks. 'Lower the boats',

shouted the Captain, and the men began to lower away so that the people on board could escape when the ship was wrecked; but, even as they did so, a gentle breeze began to blow, every stitch of sail was spread, and, although the breeze could hardly be felt, it was just enough to waft the *John Williams* away from the cruel ridge of rocks that would have utterly destroyed her.

In the next year, the good ship sailed north and south and east and west, from Rarotonga and her sister islands in the east, to the new Hebrides on the west.

On this voyage the *John Williams* carried a cow who lived in the jolly-boat.

On many of the islands the biggest animal that they had ever seen was a pig; so when they came on board and saw the cow their eyes opened with astonishment. They roared with laughter as the horned pig, as they called her, popped her head above the gunwale of the boat in which she lived, and took from their hands the fruit and the vegetables that they had brought for her to eat.

Again the *John Williams* turned her bows homeward, and in May 1850 she went into the West India Docks, having sailed 200,000 miles.

After all the batter of oceans she needed to be repaired throughout; so the boys and girls raised over £3,000 to fit her out thoroughly, and many of

them went on board. In July she set sail again, her hull once more crammed with Bibles and other books for the islanders, to visit the pearls of the Pacific.

Calling at Tahiti, she sailed on to Rarotonga, where the natives were so full of joy at seeing her and the missionaries, as they came across the lagoon in the boat, that they rushed into the water, lifted them, boat and all, on their shoulders, and carried them a good way over the island before they set them down.

Many islands she sailed to, till on April 28, 1852, she was being steered into the harbour of Bora-bora. She steered steadily toward the opening from the fringing reef when suddenly the wind failed her, and the current drew her swiftly on to the rocks, over which the sea was bursting with great fury. With all speed they threw three anchors from the stern to drag her off the rocks, but the cables lay across sharp rocks, which cut first one and then another like giant saws.

Darkness fell: the remaining anchor was their only hope. The cable of this anchor, unlike the others, was not rope, but chain. The crew pulled on the cable for six hours to try to drag the ship off the rocks, but she did not move; then many of the natives of the island came aboard, and they also tugged, but without result. It was now eleven o'clock in the morning—all hope seemed lost, and

with heavy hearts they were getting ready to leave the ship.

The captain then ordered the water-casks to be emptied into the sea to lighten the ship, and all the ballast was taken out of the hold and thrown overboard. The tide was at the same time rising, and the combined effect of the lift of the tide and the mounting of the ship and the pulling on the anchor by the sailors and the natives lifted and moved her, so that they felt her keel graze on the rocks. 'She moves! she moves!' everybody cried. With strong sinew and quivering nerve every one pulled on the cable, and, in a few minutes more, the *John Williams* floated off again into deep water.

They sailed on to Samoa, where the natives, on hearing of the peril in which their ship had been, cried out in great pity for her sufferings and said, 'What should we have done if the "Light of the Seas" had been lost? How could the good news have been carried to heathen islands?'

In Apia harbour they were able to examine her keel, and discovered that the copper was so much injured by the cruel rocks that she must sail at once to Sydney to be repaired. On this voyage the ship called at Dillon's Bay, on the shore of Erromanga, where the missionaries landed and went to the spot where John Williams had been murdered.

The man who had himself killed John Williams

came and asked for a teacher to tell him about the good news of Jesus Christ.

After she was repaired, the *John Williams* continued sailing among the islands of the South Seas, and then, after four years absence, steered homeward, sailing into port in England on June 10, 1855.

The boys and girls of England a second time put out their strength to repair their beloved ship, so that she should be fit to keep on with her great work, and raised over £3,600. Captain Morgan, who had sailed her through all her voyage, was now too ill to go on with his work, and he was succeeded by Captain Williams.

She sailed away, suffering a terrific gale off the Cape of Good Hope, which smashed her bowsprit and almost tore her foremast away bodily. Having reached Sydney, she started again on her work, carrying the missionaries and island teachers from group to group, and giving joy by her coming to boys and girls and men and women of the islands.

So she went from group to group through the years, having many adventures, sailing homeward again by the end of June 1860, where again the children raised over £5,000 for her repairs and outfit.

In November of the same year she was once more with all sails set heading for the Pacific. In 1864, on May 16, *John Williams* sighted Danger Island. The Captain hoped to be able to land that

night, but the winds and the currents made it impossible to get ashore. At midnight, while most of those on board were sleeping, the breeze fell to a dead calm. It was found that a strong current was swiftly carrying the ship toward the shore. There were no soundings; there was no anchorage; the current was running at four miles an hour directly toward the reef.

The Captain shouted orders to lower a large boat which was manned by the sturdy sailors, who tried to tow the *John Williams* against the current, but they could do little. There was a slight momentary breeze which filled their hearts with hope, but again the heavy canvas flapped dully against the masts. The air was still as death. At four o'clock in the morning they were close in upon the reef; the long breakers, that had come sweeping over a hundred leagues of ocean, curved and crashed with terrific bellowing and dreadful power upon the rocks.

Each wave as it rose covered the reef, but as it fell back the jagged teeth of the rocks showed out above the water. They ran out a sounding line to 90 fathoms deep, but no bottom could be discovered.

Then, suddenly, with a sickening thud and a grinding and terrible crash, the ship, stern foremost, struck upon the reef. The wave receding sucked her back again, but the next breaker lifted

her like a feather, and drove her with a frightful crash upon the rocks; the rudder was smashed. Three boats were put out, and those aboard managed to clamber into them. At last the cruel reef broke her sturdy keel, the stern remaining fixed upon the rocks while the bow fell into the sea.

The natives had not come out to the rescue, fearing the ship was a slaver. Two island men swam ashore and told the people what ship it was. The moment they heard that it was the beloved *John Williams* they ran to the beach, and leaping into their canoes sent the spray dashing from their bows as they paddled out to rescue the shipwrecked missionaries from the reef. The last of the sailors had but for a few minutes come out of the ship when, breaking from the reef, with a headlong plunge she sank in fathomless water, never to be seen again.

There they were, marooned on a distant island out of the track of the ships of the South Seas, but the courageous chief officer, Roger Turpie, volunteered to sail a small boat across 400 miles of ocean to Samoa. There the son of John Williams himself, Mr. J. C. Williams, the British Consul, chartered a small ship which sailed across to Danger Island, and rescued the shipwrecked crew and missionaries.

CHAPTER VII

TWO SAILING SHIPS

'The *John Williams* has been wrecked!'

In thousands of homes in England, when the boys and girls heard those words, they felt almost as though they had lost a boat of their very own, for they had collected the money with which she was bought, and very many of them had actually, before she first sailed from England, walked on her decks.

Worst of all, when the gallant ship was wrecked, the work among the islands of the seas needed her help more than ever. On dozens of islands, scattered over the broad ocean like stars in the sky, many brown Christian islanders worshipped God the Father in their white churches built of coral-concrete. They needed very much guidance, for they were like little child churches who did not know how to walk alone, so it was necessary that the missionaries should be able to sail from island to island, and that new brown teachers whom the missionaries had trained should be able to leave their own islands and go as missionaries to others.

'We must have another ship,' said everybody who cared about this great work. So the children

of Great Britain and Ireland set to work with a will, and collected £11,190 3*s.* 1*d.*, to buy and fit and supply a new *John Williams*. She was designed and built by Messrs. Hall of Aberdeen. From Aberdeen she sailed down the North Sea to the Thames where 2,000 visitors came aboard to see her.

One day the chief officer of the ship, Captain Turpie, saw some boy-visitors climbing about on the polished furniture. He went up and told them that he could not allow them to do that, and they stopped; but as he was walking away, Captain Turpie heard one boy say to the other, 'Who is he?' 'Oh,' said the other, 'that's the mate.' 'The mate,' said the third, who was listening; 'never mind him, we are the owners!' So the boys and girls came to feel that they really owned this beautiful three-masted sailing-ship of just 300 tons, which had been bought by the L.M.S. with the money that they had collected.

In the new year of 1866 the *John Williams* sailed out from the Thames on her first voyage. No one on board expected that her first would be her only voyage. As she swung round into the English Channel and was sailing near the Sussex coast, she met a terrific gale. The masts creaked and groaned; the racing waves crashed against her bows, and swept her slippery decks. It was, indeed, one of the most awful gales known for many years. Spars were carried away, and the rigging was strained,

The second *John Williams*

so the captain ordered her to be run into the shelter of Portland Roads, where, only a few days after she had sailed from London all new and spick and span, she needed to be repaired.

Again she started, but all through the passage of 110 days sailing before she reached Adelaide, in South Australia, she faced boisterous weather. Having visited Melbourne, Hobart, and Sydney, she sailed north-east towards the New Hebrides. She was putting into the harbour at Aneityum and had passed the outer reef when suddenly a grinding crash was heard, and a shiver went through the hull. She had run on the inner reef!

Through the day and night, in spite of the rise of the tide, she stuck fast. Day and night all hands were busy hoisting the cargo from the hold, and sending it ashore to lighten her. She had sprung a leak, and the water poured into her hold, so that as fast as the cargo was taken out, the water poured in. The brown islanders of Aneityum, who can swim like porpoises, dived under her hold and managed to stop the leak for the time being with blankets quilted and soaked in tar, which they nailed over the damaged part. She was then got off. Leaving all her cargo and her passengers on the shore of the island, she sailed back to Sydney to be repaired, and then made again for Aneityum, and got her cargo and her passengers aboard once more.

She sailed down to the Loyalty Islands, and with her bows turned east, ran past the Fiji Islands to Niuè, south of the Samoan group. She sighted Niuè in the new year, exactly a year after she had left England.

The weather was stormy at first, but grew settled, and they started to land the cargo. Niuè has no port, nor is there any anchorage, so the ship was obliged to 'lay off'.[1]

The captain, on January 8th, with all the passengers went ashore in the morning and spent the day there. As night drew near many returned to the ship, though some remained ashore. Night fell; the breeze dropped to a calm, in which the *John Williams* lay on the sea quite still;

> Nor breath nor motion;
> As idle as a painted ship
> Upon a painted ocean.

She lay there some two miles and a half from the shore, on which the smooth, league-long Pacific breakers curled and crashed. The captain, who was by this time aboard, saw that the current set shoreward. He ordered the men to tumble into two of the boats, and with ropes fastened to the ship to row their hardest in order to tow her out to

[1] This was done by setting the sails so that each counteracted the effect of the other. One sail pulled the ship in this direction, the other in that direction, and so between them she stood still.

sea. Then a third boat was let down, and fourteen oars dipped and pulled to save the vessel. Clouds hung over the sky, and across the land thunder rolled above the boom of the breakers. Lightning lit up the inky sky with blinding flashes. At nine o'clock the captain set lights blazing on the deck to show those ashore where the ship lay. The terrible current irresistibly carried the ship nearer and nearer to the overhanging cliffs. Again and again the lead was thrown over, but the depths of the ocean were unfathomable. The mate whistled one boat alongside at 11.30, and all the missionaries' wives and their children were placed in her. Then the other boats were brought alongside, and all on board were put into them.

The ship now swung broadside on to the shore. She lay, rolling and tossing on the swell of the tremendous breakers, within her own length of the surf. The last boat cleared from her with the last passenger just before a tremendous wave, lifting her 300 tons as though she were a cork, flung her cruelly upon the rugged reef, where breaker after breaker pounded the beautiful vessel into a helpless and shattered wreck.

The boats, so full of men and women that they were in danger of shipping seas every moment, rowed carefully three miles along the shore, to the landing-place near the home of the missionary who lived there. The boats lay to outside the surf,

across which they could see the yellow glare of the blazing torches lighting up the beach. The Niuèan natives leapt into canoes, paddled them out daringly through the darkness across the raging surf, and brought off one by one every person in the boats.

When the news reached Australia and Britain, a wail of consternation came from all who had helped to build the *John Williams* by their gifts. The ship had been insured, and the payment of the insurance money went a long way towards buying a third *John Williams,* which was launched in October 1868. She sailed out, a graceful barque of 186 tons, with 'Peace on Earth' on the starboard bow, and on the port bow 'Goodwill to Men', and flying the ensign of the Dove of Peace. She was a lively ship that rolled and pitched, and although not quite such a racer as the second *John Williams,* used to make her nine knots an hour with a fair wind and put up her 220 knots in a day. The brown sailors aboard her were mostly Aitutakian men, who were as much at home battling with the sea as toiling on the land—men who could swim like sharks, and swarm up rigging with incredible speed. Her crew numbered sixteen, including the captain and his first and second mates, the steward and his boy, the cook, four seamen, a sailmaker, and five boatmen. As she ran from island to island in the South Seas bearing missionaries and teachers and a cargo of all sorts

of provisions, there would usually be in all some fifty or sixty people aboard.

Instead of asking her to sail the long trail round the world from England to Australia, and then across the Pacific and back home to Britain, the Missionary Society decided that she should make Sydney her headquarters instead of London. So through all her quarter of a century of service for the London Missionary Society she never returned to England. Neither did she sail in her later days to many of the islands where the old ships had gone, though many other islands were added. The New Hebrides on the extreme west, and the Society Islands with Tahiti on the extreme east, were taken over by other Missionary Societies; but the Samoan islands became the starting-point of a great journey to out-stations running north-west through the Tokelau, the Ellice, and the Gilbert Islands.[1]

Greater still, however, was the wonderful work among the wild brown savage tribes of Papua (British New Guinea). Perilous stations were opened there by heroes like Lawes and Chalmers,[2] so that when she had finished her run from Sydney through the Cook islands and past Niuè to Samoa and all her out-stations, the brave ship would turn

[1] See Map.

[2] See *Greatheart of Papua*, by W. P. Nairne (Oxford University Press); *Chalmers the Peace Scout*, by Mabel Link; and *Yarns on South Sea Pioneers*.

The third *John Williams*

her nose westward, and with young South Sea Island teachers aboard, sail away to the western fringes of the Pacific to Papua.

For three weeks in fair weather and storm the *John Williams III* would beat her way through the foaming seas till she sighted the long tawny shores and the green mountains and the steaming swamps of Papua. The trade winds would usually send her careering along from Samoa to New Guinea, but to get back to Samoa she usually had to beat to windward, thrashing her way along and taking some six weeks before she would drop anchor again in the glorious green-fringed spacious waters of Apia harbour in Samoa.

The good ship came to the end of her missionary history in 1895, when a trading firm bought her for £600, and she came to the end of her career altogether on her first voyage under the new owners, for she was never heard of again.

This sudden end to her splendid history was all the more astonishing because in her twenty-six years of service for the Missionary Society there had never once been a claim upon the insurance company for damage or loss, although every such risk was covered.

Mr. Louis Becke wrote, in the *Sydney Evening News*, 'This is a record that Captain Turpie may well feel proud of when the dangers to navigation from the erratic currents and countless reefs of the Pacific are taken into consideration.'

CHAPTER VIII

THE ADVENTURES OF A RAFT-CANOE

I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care.

WHILE our ships of peace have been doing the King's 'business in great waters', strange adventures have come to brown islanders who have declared the love of Jesus to their own people.[1] Among these adventures on the ocean one of the most wonderful was that of Elikana of Rakahanga and his friends. This is the story.

Manihiki Island looked like a small anchored canoe far away across the Pacific, as Elikana glanced back from his place at the tiller. He sang, meantime, quietly to himself an air that still rang in his ears, the tune that he and his brother islanders had sung in praise of the Power and Providence of God at the services on Manihiki. For the Christian people of the Penrhyn group of South Sea Islands had come together in April 1861 for their yearly meeting, paddling from the

[1] For the stories of Papeiha, Ruatoka, and others, see *Yarns of South Sea Pioneers*, *John Williams the Shipbuilder*, and *Chalmers the Peace Scout*.

different islands in their canoes through the white surge of the breakers that thunder day and night round the coasts.

Elikana looked ahead to where his own island of Rakahanga grew clearer every moment on the skyline ahead of him, though each time his craft dropped into the trough of the sea between the green curves of the league-long ocean rollers the island was lost from sight.

He and his eight companions were sailing back over the thirty miles between Manihiki and Rakahanga, two of the many little lonely ocean islands that stud the Pacific like stars. They sailed a strange craft, for it cannot be called raft or canoe or hut. It was all these and yet was neither. Two canoes, forty-eight feet long, sailed side by side. Between the canoes were spars, stretching across from one to the other, lashed to each boat and making a platform between them six feet wide. On this was built a hut, roofed with the beautiful braided leaves of the coco-nut palm. Overhead stretched the infinite sky. Underneath lay thousands of fathoms of blue-green ocean, whose cold, hidden deeps among the mountains and valleys of the awful ocean under-world held strange goblin fish-shapes. And on the surface this hut of leaves and bamboo swung dizzily between sky and ocean on the frail canoes. And in the canoes and the hut were six brown Rakahangan men, two women,

and a chubby, dark-eyed child, who sat contented and tired, being lapped to sleep by the swaying waters.

Above them the great sail, made of matting of fibre, strained in the breeze that drove them nearer to the haven where they would be. Already they could see the gleam of the Rakahanga beach and the rim of silver where the waves broke into foam. Then the breeze dropped. The fibre-sail flapped uneasily against the mast, while the two little canvas sails hung loosely, as the wind, with little warning, swung round, and smiting them in the face began to drive them back into the ocean again.

Elikana and his friends knew the sea almost like fish, from the time they were babies. And they were little troubled by the turn of the breeze, save that it would delay their homecoming. They tried in vain to make headway. Slowly but surely they were driven back from land, till they could see that there was no other thing but just to turn about and let her run back to Manihiki. In the canoes were enough coconuts to feed them for days if need be, and two large calabashes of water.

The swift night fell, but the wind held strong, and one man sat at the tiller while two others baled out the water that leaked into the canoes. They kept a keen watch, expecting to sight Manihiki; but when the dawn flashed out of the sky in the

East, where the island should have been, there was neither Manihiki nor any other land at all. They had no chart or compass; north and south and east and west stretched the wastes of the Pacific for hundreds of leagues. Only here and there in the ocean, and all unseen to them, like little clumps of mushrooms in a limitless meadow, lay groups of islets. They might, indeed, sail for a year without ever sighting any land; and one storm-driven wave of the great ocean would smite their little egg-shell craft to the bottom of the sea.

They gathered together in the hut and with anxious faces talked of what they might do. They knew that far off to the south-west lay the islands of Samoa and Rarotonga. So they set the bows of their craft southward. Morning grew to blazing noon and fell to evening and night, and nothing did they see save the glittering, sparkling waters of the uncharted ocean, cut here and there by the cruel fin of a waiting shark. It was Saturday when they started; and night fell seven times while their wonderful hut boat crept southward along the water, till the following Friday. Then the wind changed, and, springing up from the south, drove them wearily back once more in their tracks, and then bore them eastward.

For another week they drove before the breeze, feeding on the coconuts. But the water in the calabashes was gone. Then on the morning of

the second Friday, the fourteenth day of their sea-wandering, just when the sun in mid heaven was blazing its noon-heat upon them and most of the little crew were lying under the shade of the hut and the sail to doze away the hours of tedious hunger, they heard the cry of 'Land!' and leaping to their feet gazed ahead at the welcome sight. With sail and paddle they urged the craft on toward the island.

Then night fell and with it squalls of wind and rain came and buffeted them till they had to forsake the paddles for the baling-vessels to keep the boat afloat. Taking down the sails they spread them flat to catch the pouring rain, and then poured this precious fresh water—true water of life to them—into their calabashes. But when morning came no land could be seen anywhere. It was as though the island had been a land of enchantment and mirage, and now had faded away. Yet hope sprang in them erect and glad next day when land was sighted again; but the sea and the wind, as though driven by the spirit of contrariness, smote them back.

For two more days they guided the canoe with the tiller and tried to set her in one steady direction. Then, tired and out of heart, after sixteen days of ceaseless and useless effort, they gave it up and let her drift, for the winds and currents to take her where they would.

At night each man stood in his canoe almost starving and parched with thirst, with aching back, stooping to dip the water from the canoe and rising to pour it over the side. For hour after hour, while the calm moon slowly climbed the sky, each slaved at his dull task. Lulled by the heave and fall of the long-backed rollers as they slid under the keels of the canoes, the men nearly dropped asleep where they stood. The quiet waters crooned to them like a mother singing an old lullaby—crooned and called, till a voice deep within them said, 'It is better to lie down and sleep and die than to live and fight and starve.'

Then a moan from the sleeping child, or a sight of a streaming ray of moonlight on the face of its mother would send that nameless voice shivering back to its deep hiding-place—and the man would stoop and bale again.

Each evening as it fell saw their anxious eyes looking west and north and south for land, and always there was only the weary waste of waters. And as the sun rose, they hardly dared open their eyes to the unbroken rim of blue-grey that circled them like a steel prison. They saw the thin edge of the moon grow to full blaze and then fade to a corn sickle again as day and night grew to weeks and a whole month had passed.

Every morning, as the pearl-grey sea turned to pink and then to gleaming blue, they knelt on the

ELIKANA LOOKING FOR THE LAND

raft between the canoes and turned their faces up to their Father in prayer, and never did the sun sink behind the rim of waters without the sound of their voices rising into the limitless sky with thanks for safe keeping.

Slowly the pile of coconuts lessened. Each one of them with its sweet milk and flesh was more precious to them than a golden chalice set with rubies. The drops of milk that dripped from them were more than ropes of pearls.

At last eight Sundays had followed one upon another; and now at the end of the day there was only the half of one coconut remaining. When that was gone—all would be over. So they knelt down under the cloudless sky on a calm and beautiful evening. They were on that invisible line in the great Pacific where the day ends and begins. Those seven on the tiny craft were, indeed, we cannot but believe, the last worshippers in all the great world-house of God as Sunday drew to its end just where they were. Was it to be the last time that they would pray to God in this life?

Prayer ended; night was falling. Elikana the leader, who had kept their spirits from utterly failing, stood up and gazed out with great anxious eyes before the last light should fail.

'Look, there upon the edge of the sea where the sun sets. Is it——' He could hardly dare to believe that it was not the mirage of his weary

brain. But one and another and then all peered out through the swiftly waning light and saw that indeed it was land.

Then a squall of wind sprang up, blowing them away from the land. Was this last hope, by a fine ecstasy of torture, to be dangled before them and then snatched away? But with the danger came the help; with the wind came the rain; cool, sweet, refreshing, life-giving water. Then the squall of wind dropped and changed. They hoisted the one sail that had not blown to tatters, and drove for land.

Yet their most awful danger still lay before them. The roar of the breakers on the cruel coral reef caught their ears. But there was nothing for it but to risk the peril. They were among the breakers which caught and tossed them on like egg-shells. The scourge of the surf swept them; a woman, a man, even the child, were torn from them and ground on the ghastly teeth of the coral. Five were swept over with the craft into the still, blue lagoon, and landing they fell prone upon the shore, just breathing and no more, after the giant buffeting of the thundering rollers, following the long, slow starvation of their wonderful journey in the hut on the canoes among 'the waters of the wondrous isles'.

Thrown up by the ocean in the darkness like driftwood, Elikana and his companions lay on the

grey shore. Against the dim light of the stars and beyond the beach of darkness they could see the fronds of the palms waving. The five survivors were starving, and the green coconuts hung above them, filled with food and drink. But their bodies, broken and tormented as they were by hunger and the battering breakers, refused even to rise and climb for the food that meant life. So they lay there, as though dead.

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Over the ridge of the beach came a man. His pale copper skin shone in the fresh sunlight of the morning. His quick black eyes were caught by the sight of torn clothing hanging on a bush. Moving swiftly down the beach of pounded coral, he saw a man lying with arms thrown out, face downward. Turning the body over Faivaatala[1] found that the man was dead. Taking the body in his arms he staggered with it up the beach, and placed it under the shade of the trees. Returning he found the living five. Their gaunt bodies and the broken craft on the shore told him without words the story of their long drifting over the wilderness of the waters.

Without stopping to waste words in empty sympathy with starving men, Faivaatala ran to the nearest coconut tree and, climbing it, threw down luscious nuts. Those below quickly knocked

[1] Fă-ee-vă-tă-lā.

off the tops, drank deep draughts of the cool milk, and then ate. Coming down again, Faivaatala kindled a fire and soon had some fish grilling for these strange wanderers thrown up on the tiny islet.

They had no time to thank him before he ran off and swiftly paddled to Nukulaelae, the island where he lived, to tell the story of these strange castaways. He came back with other helpers in canoes, and the five getting aboard were swiftly paddled to Motutala.

As the canoes skimmed over the surface of the great lagoon Elikana and his friends could see, spread out in a great semi-circle that stretched to the horizon, the long low coral islets crowned with palms which form part of the Ellice Islands.

The islanders, men, women, and children, ran down the beach to see the newcomers, and soon had set apart huts for them and made them welcome. Elikana gathered them round him, and began to tell them about the love of Jesus and the protecting care of God the Father. It all seemed strange to them, but quickly they learned from him, and he began to teach them and their children. This went on for four months, till one day Elikana said: 'I must go away and learn more so that I can teach you more.'

But they had become so fond of Elikana that they said: 'No, you must not leave us,' and it was only when he promised to come back with another teacher to help him, that they could bring themselves to part with him. So when a ship came to the island to trade in coconuts Elikana went aboard and sailed to Samoa to the London Missionary Society's training college at Malua.

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'A ship! A ship!' The cry was taken up through the island, and the people running down the beach saw a large sailing vessel. Boats put down and sculls flashed as sailors pulled swiftly to the shore.

They landed and the people gathered round to see and to hear what they would say.

'Come on to our ship,' said these men, who had sailed there from Peru, 'and we will show you how you can be rich with many knives and much calico.'

But the islanders shook their heads and said they would stay where they were. Then a wicked white man named Tom Rose, who lived on the island and knew how much the people were looking forward to the day when Elikana would come back to teach them, went to the traders and whispered what he knew to them.

So the Peruvian traders, with craft shining in their eyes, turned again to the islanders and said: 'If you will come with us, we will take you where

you will be taught all that men can know about God.'

At this the islanders broke out into glad cries, and speaking to one another said: 'Let us go and learn these things.'

The day came for sailing, and as the sun rose, hundreds of brown feet were running to the beach, children dancing with excitement, women saying 'Good-bye' to their husbands—men, who for the first time in all their lives were to leave their tiny islet for the wonderful world beyond the ocean.

So two hundred of them went on board. The sails were hoisted and they went away never to return, sailed away not to learn of Jesus, but to the sting of the lash and the shattering bullet, the bondage of the plantations, and to death at the hands of those merciless beasts of prey, the Peruvian slavers.

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Years passed and a little fifty-ton trading vessel came to anchor outside the reef. One man and then another and another got down into the little boat and pulled for the shore. Elikana had returned. The women and children ran down to meet him—but few men were there, for nearly all had gone.

'Where is this one? Where is the other?' cried Elikana, with sad face as he looked around on them.

'Gone, gone,' came the answer; 'carried away by the man-stealing ships.'

Elikana turned to the white missionary who had come with him, to ask what they could do.

'We will leave Joane and his wife here,' replied Mr. Murray the white missionary.

So a teacher from Samoa stayed there and taught the people while Elikana went to begin work in an island near by.

To-day a white lady missionary has gone to live in the Ellice Islands, and the people are Christians and no slave-trader can come to snatch them away.

Now on that beach, as the sunlight brims over the edge of the sea, and a new Lord's Day dawns, you may hear the islanders sing their praise to the Light of the World, Who shines upon them and keeps them safe.

CHAPTER IX

SMALL CRAFT

If you saw the steamer *John Williams* anchor off the island of Kwato or in Port Moresby on the coast of Papua, you would see a motor-boat come bustling out and go round her tapering hull like a cygnet paddling round her stately mother swan.

That motor-boat is one of quite a brood of small craft that are used for running swiftly along the coast of Papua or up its great rivers carrying the missionaries at their work. Small boats are also needed by missionaries working among the people around those great lakes in Central Africa which are really inland seas.

In this chapter we shall read just two stories about these small craft, the boats of peace; though many books could be filled with the adventures of our men who have gone in them among the wild savages both of Papua and Africa.

(1) *The Iron Canoe*

A small gunboat churned up the waters of Lake Tanganyika, and poked her sharp nose into the tall reeds around the southern shores of that inland sea. Her Captain was looking for something. At last

he found what he had been seeking. High and dry on the bank was a steel lifeboat of which only the rusty hull remained. She looked harmless and useless enough, but the Captain of the gunboat was a German, and Britain was at war with Germany. He feared lest British engineers might come along and turn the empty shell of a boat into a lively and dangerous enemy, so he gave an order, and presently there was a 'Bang, Bang, Bang'. Men brought hammers from the German boat and made big holes in the rusty steel boat which will never again float on Tanganyika.

That steel boat was the *Morning Star*, the first of the two boats of the London Missionary Society in Central Africa; and this is the story of the men who carried her from the coast to the heart of Africa so that she might go about doing good among the black people on the shores of Lake Tanganyika.

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The sun rose out of a misty sea one September morning in 1883, and as soon as its beams touched the tree-tops in Eastern Africa the sharp notes of a bugle rang through a sleeping camp and roused its brown sleepers to a day of great doings.

From their little huts and shelters in the surrounding bushes, scores of African carriers presently assembled around the carts they were to push and the bundles they were to carry.

Many of them understood quite well that they were to help the white people of Britain who wished to have a boat on the greatest of the African lakes; boats which should carry missionaries who would bring peace and progress to the fighting tribes around the shores.

The boat had been made in England for the London Missionary Society and sent out in pieces to the island of Zanzibar on the coast of East Africa. These parts were to be carried across East Africa, from the coast opposite the island of Zanzibar to the great lake 836 miles inland—Lake Tanganyika,[1] which David Livingstone had explored.

The path before these carriers lay along old caravan tracks where the Arab slave trader had made his slaves bear great tusks of ivory from the interior, their burning homes behind them, to the coast where both the ivory and the slaves were sold.

The porters gathered up their loads with a good heart. The name of the new steel lifeboat was the *Morning Star*. It was a sign to them that the dark night of slavery was to pass away and a glad day would dawn in which the path they trod would no more be marked by the bones of captured Africans.

Clothing and personal luggage did not trouble the

[1] It will be more interesting to read this if you get your school atlas and look up Zanzibar and Lake Tanganyika.

How the 'Morning Star' went to Central Africa

porters much. They consisted of a 'kanso' (a sort of long calico shirt), a small mat to sleep on, a tiny bag to hold small treasures, and a girdle with a small knife stuck in it. So dressed, the Zanzibar porter was ready to walk the long road to Tanganyika and carry any package up to sixty pounds weight.

The long procession, walking in Indian file, began to unwind itself. The first detachment started on the road ahead. The whole expedition contained a thousand carriers, the largest number that ever crossed East Africa under one leader. The parcels were the fittings and machinery of the boat.

The boat itself was in six large sections. The small parts and fittings were carried on the men's shoulders and heads, but the large sections were too heavy for the porters and had to be drawn along on hand carts. Two or three porters pulled the cart by ropes in front and two pushed behind. To get between the trees of the forests the carts had been made as narrow as possible with the wheels close together.

In front of the carts went pioneers armed with axes and sword bayonets. Day after day the axes rang out as these men cut away brushwood and small trees to make a path for the iron canoe on wheels.

Away went the expedition for week after week and month after month through forest, river, and marsh, over hills, deserts, and plains, startling the

birds, monkeys, and crocodiles with joyous shouts. Brown village children ran out from their little villages to gaze with round and startled eyes at the long winding caravan of bearers.

At last the bush cutters and cart pullers had a reward for their months of hard work, when after a hundred and four days of toil and travel the Sea of Ujiji[1] was reached.

The whole population of Ujiji turned out to cheer the porters as they rolled gaily into the town. Now Ujiji, on the eastern shore of Tanganyika, was the place where the explorer Stanley discovered Livingstone, who had been lost. It was a town in which proud Arab merchants bought and sold black men, women, and little children as slaves. But the slave traders knew that the coming of the Christian message of Peace and Goodwill would put a stop to slavery, so they had closed their slave market on the day that the first missionaries had arrived.

Yet slaves were still being bought and sold secretly.

Excitement was immense when the pieces of the *Morning Star* were put together by the lake-side and the steel plates rattled under the hammer.

'Would she float?' was the question in many an African mind. Old Africans who had never seen iron float gathered round to see the boat

[1] A native name for Tanganyika.

grow. They had no faith in the new-fangled toy. Some of them were asked to join the crew, but they said:

'No, we can never go to sea in a saucepan.'

But some of them knew better, and while the crowds of natives from the country-side buzzed and questioned on the beach or patted and stroked the boat in silent wonder, the Arabs whispered to one another:

'This indeed is work.'

On May 21, 1883, the *Morning Star* was launched by three hundred pairs of willing hands, and from that day she carried good tidings of great joy to the people in the villages on the shores of Tanganyika. Sometimes missionaries were taken on visits of friendship to new tribes. Often the little boat[1] became a relief ship, carrying food and comfort to the victims of the savage slave trade.

She went once to the Ulungu villages at the south of the lake and found nothing but blackened ruins, for war between tribe and tribe had swept over them.

Nosing about for fugitives she found a few sad remnants of the tribe hidden on a little floating island at the mouth of the Lofu river.

They were mostly women and children dying of

[1] The *Morning Star* was 32 feet long with 8 feet beam. She carried two masts and sails (jib, lug, and mizzen) and had eight oars.

starvation. The Captain of the *Morning Star* wrote in his note-book:

'We gave a supper of hot porridge to the poor women and children by cooking what meal we had in the boat.

'The news spread fast that the *wazungu* (white men) had come—news of work for food supplies—of protection from their enemies—hope of brighter things all round . . . men arrived begging us to come and settle amongst them.'

At another time the boat went to the same people and found them again starving, for war had brought famine, and enemies stood between them and the places where there was food.

The *Morning Star* had the freedom of the sea and used it. She sailed off to a distant tribe, bought food and the seed of corn and rice, carried these back to the Ulungu people, and set them on their legs again.

The seed was a happy thought; it was helping people to help themselves, and their hearts were won so that they made a poem about it which they chanted at their drum-beatings and merry-makings for many years.

Now our good boat that took healing to the broken-hearted and deliverance to the captive lies wrecked. But we believe more than ever in the Day of which the *Morning Star* was the forerunner, for the makers of Wars and Famines are hiding away from the light of Him who came that we might all have life and have it abundantly.

(2) *The Son of Amaka and the Magic Boat*

A group of brown young men stood on the deck of a steamship as she heaved her anchor and stood out for sea. The beach that she left was the wild shore of an island off the coast of western Papua, where the Goaribari live, the fierce savage people who slew the heroic Greatheart of Papua, James Chalmers, and his young colleague Tomkins.

The Goaribari savages stood there frightened and filled with doubt. White traders who worked the steamship had come to Goaribari, and were taking the young natives along the coast to labour in distant coco-nut plantations. On the shore behind were their wives and brothers, and all the people of their tribe were wailing and mourning the departure of their young men.

But the ship steadily steamed away, and the Goaribari boys glowered sullenly as they watched the coast sliding slowly past them, every pulse of the engine carrying them farther from home. Night fell and day came again. The men were borne away, landed and set to work on a strange coast over two hundred miles from their home. Some of them settled down to work; but one youth was unhappy in his exile from home, and longed to get back again to his people who regarded him as lost. So he brooded as he worked, and planned as he brooded. His name was Amakamere, the son of

Amaka, chief of the village Mubagowa. One night he crept away unseen and made his way along the shore to a place called Jokea.[1]

When he came to Jokea he saw a strange boat such as he had never seen before. It had no sails nor had it any funnel. It was neither sailing canoe nor steam-boat. Yet it ran swiftly through the water to the sound of a rapid p-p-p-pop. It was a motor-boat.

In the boat was a man wearing a pith helmet on his head, khaki trousers, a shirt which showed by its dirt that the wearer had been attending to the engine. The man's kindly eyes gleamed through curious shining things that he carried on his nose. They were spectacles. His name was Mr. B. T. Butcher. On the bow of the boat was a word, which of course the son of Amaka could not read. The word was *Tamate*, the native name of the great missionary Chalmers, who was killed by the fathers of this Goaribari man and his friends.

Mr. Butcher, who is a missionary who volunteered on the death of Chalmers to go out to the very country in which Tamate was killed, spoke to Amakamere, who soon told him all his troubles.

'I will take you home to your own people', said Mr. Butcher, 'if you will come with me in my boat.'

The son of Amaka, however, was afraid. He had already been taken away from home by white

[1] Yo-kee-ah.

men. What worse thing might happen to him if he went in this strange, puffing canoe?

Something in the white man's eyes and his way of speaking showed Amakamere that he would not do him any harm. So he got into the boat. But he wished he were out of it a moment later when the white man touched a lever, and some strange devil spirit went brrrrrrrrrr in the stern of the boat, and the *Tamate* sprang out to sea. The faster the engine throbbed the more the boy trembled. But at last he got used to it, and sat quietly while they sped westward in the magic boat past Mount Yule, whose strange peak rises to the skies in the shape of a French Liberty Cap, and where the green palm-trees stretch right down to the water's edge. They stopped on the way for a night at Orokolo, where once headhunters lived, and then a few days at Urika—not long ago the home of cannibals.

With Mr. Butcher in the boat was another Papuan youth, who desired to be a missionary to his own people. His name was Papela, and he was known as Charlie Papela. He was twenty-four years old. These three men in the motor-boat were following the very track on which Chalmers had travelled when he went to his death. The *Tamate* was passing by the way of Tamate.

As the shore of Goaribari came in sight Mr. Butcher and Amakamere saw the 'braves' of Dopima, the village where Tamate was killed,

hastily leaping into their canoes by the beach. The canoes—dug out of the trunks of trees, and some of them sixty feet long—were swiftly pushed off, and the men paddling out to sea.

Clearly they intended to cut off the *Tamate* by lining up ahead of her. Mr. Butcher saw the danger. He stooped over his engine and was soon bringing out of her the fullness of her power. The canoes gathered speed, the men standing up in them as many as twenty in a row, with paddles flashing and the canoes flying over the water toward the motor-boat. Mr. Butcher measured the distance and the pace of the canoes with his eye. It would be a close thing, he could see. He turned again to the sturdy engine, now working at furious speed, to be sure that the last turn of the screw was being secured.

The *Tamate* sheared a glittering furrow through the sea, and her bows lifted to the scatter of the spray, as she pulled clear of the foremost canoe and left the foiled savages to come along in a disappointed procession of canoes in her triumphant wake.

They were now drawing near to Mubagowa, the village from which the son of Amaka had been carried away. At length they were close to the shore of Mubagowa (which means 'the river-point'), and Papela at Mr. Butcher's word dropped the anchor. The Dopima canoes came up in the rear.

Hastily the three took everything movable from

A MOTOR LAUNCH OFF THE PAPUAN COAST, PASSING NATIVE SAILING CANOES

the deck, and stowed it away below so that the savages should not steal the boat's gear.

Then the yelling crowd of savages from the shore was upon them. They at once recognized their own tribesman, Amakamere. The lost was found, and (he told them) it was the wonderful white man in the magic boat who had brought him all along the coast and had put him upon his native shore. Amakamere's friends hugged him, and patted him, and grinned at him, and shouted to one another with joy.

Then they turned to Mr. Butcher.

'Go ashore with us', they said.

'No', he replied, 'it is too dark now and I am tired. I will sleep on the boat. To-morrow I will come.'

He intended to sleep on the boat, but sleep was impossible. The men of Goaribari shouted and watched, and went to and fro all night. In the morning Mr. Butcher and Papela got out the eight-foot dinghy and slung her into the sea, and with two paddles leapt into her.

'The *Tamate* never looked so comfortable as when we left her that morning', says Mr. Butcher, as he tells the story of that day's adventures.

'Crowds of canoes filled with savages were round about us. More crowds came out from the shore, making frenzied yells, with spears and clubs in their hands, their faces painted all red and yellow.'

As the bow of the dinghy grated on the beach they leapt at Mr. Butcher and Papela and dragged them out of the canoe.

The savages gripped them tightly by the wrist and pulled them up the beach to the village. Mr. Butcher heard Papela's frightened voice.

'Master', he said, 'I don't like the look of them; they are going to kill us.'

'Well, Charlie', replied Mr. Butcher, 'I don't know what they're going to do, but I know what we are going to do. We are going with them.'

At last they were dragged through the village till they came face to face with the great men's club-house, the *Auwodaimo*, a vast, long house like a Zeppelin-shed, with an uplifted, pointed, front awning like an enormous crocodile's upper jaw, sixty or seventy feet high. Under the awning was a platform. With a final tremendous yell the savages lifted Mr. Butcher and Papela on to the platform. It was on such a platform that Chalmers was killed by those same savages near the same spot.

Mr. Butcher took a sharp look round. He saw a sight, ugly in itself, but to him at that hour a thing of indescribable beauty--a dead pig with a bleeding nose. The dead pig meant a feast. A feast meant peace. A feast spelt gratitude to the white man like the very white man they had killed, who, instead of hating them, had brought back their own lost brother. So they had determined upon a feast of

gratitude to which they had dragged Mr. Butcher and Papela. They had, indeed, 'compelled them to come in'!

They sat down together, the lost boy restored to his people, the Goaribari savages, the Christian Papuan young man Papela, and Mr. Butcher the missionary.

From that day Mr. Butcher was able to move among these wild savages and to go in his motor-boat up the water-ways where no white man had ever been before, till he and his motor-boat are known as friends throughout over a hundred miles of river-villages. The London Missionary Society has built a bungalow for Mr. Butcher on the top of a hill, called Aird Hill, on an island in the river.

And down by the bank the *Tamate*, the stout, brave motor-boat, rests when she is not threshing the water-ways or braving the seas along the coast. Without that staunch little craft the son of Amaka would never have reached his people again, and the friendship of Mr. Butcher with the savages there would not have begun so splendidly, nor would they have learned from him in so many villages the beginning of the knowledge of the love of God.

The London Missionary Society's flotilla of motor-boats on the Papuan coast now includes the following: *Ainauia*, *Purari*, *Mauri*, *Tamate*, *Mamari*, *Ada*, *Piete*, *Daba*, *Maru*.

CHAPTER X

JOHN WILLIAMS IV

You will remember that *John Williams I* and *John Williams II* were both shipwrecked, because when the wind fell to calm, and the ocean current flowed swiftly towards the islands, neither of these lovely ships could be saved from being hurled on to the cruel reefs, where they were shattered by the tremendous breakers. The ocean was too deep for anchorage; the current was too strong for the ships' boats to pull them from the rocky coast. The might of the rolling waves that swept across the thousands of miles of the Pacific Ocean finished the destruction.

If they had been steam-ships they would not have been wrecked in this way; for in calm or storm they could have steamed away from the reef. So when *John Williams III* was very old, and had sailed for twenty-five years among the islands of the South Seas, the Directors of the London Missionary Society decided that the next boat must be a steam-ship.

A steamer, they said, would not only be safe from being wrecked in calm, but also, instead of having to beat up against a head wind, tacking hither and

thither for week after week on a long zig-zag course, she would be able to steam steadily from the South Seas to Papua in the teeth of the trade winds. Thus she could save weeks and weeks of the precious time of the missionaries in the course of a year; so that actually a time-table could be drawn up, of the days when she would reach each island, which had never been possible for any of the sailing-ships.

So the Directors of the London Missionary Society told the boys and girls of Britain and Australia that in order to carry the Missionaries of the Gospel of Jesus to the great and small islands, and to Papua, a steam-ship was needed. The boys and girls set to work to collect for the new ship, and at last they provided money for a three-masted schooner (called a barquantine), equipped with steam-engines and with room for 385 tons of coal in the main hold, with an ordinary speed of 8½ knots an hour. She was 204 feet long, and drew 13 feet of water. In order to save coal, her rigging was so contrived that she could carry 2,200 feet of canvas. Cabins were built to take six married missionaries and fifteen native teachers with their wives. By November 11, 1893, she was ready to launch.

Decked out from stem to stern with waving flags, she glided into the river Clyde amid the cheers of hundreds of children, and was tugged to

the yard where her engines were to be fixed. On Saturday, March 10, 1894, she was dedicated to her work as she lay alongside the Broomielaw quay—the very quay from which, years before, young David Livingstone had sailed for the first time.

Steaming out from Glasgow the *John Williams* went to Runcorn, where special excursion trains and steamers brought thousands of boys and girls and men and women from Manchester to see her. She then went to Liverpool and Swansea, where all the schools in the town were closed, and excursions were run from all parts of South Wales; and so to Bristol, Cardiff, and Plymouth, Cowes and Southampton. At each port Sunday School children, who are now fathers and mothers of boys and girls who collect to support her, came down to walk on her decks and read on her bows the message that she has carried across the world, 'Peace on earth, goodwill among men.'

So she sailed out from Britain, and has never returned.

Many books would be filled if we told the story of her journeys through those years. For every year from the time she steams out from the glorious land-locked harbour of Sydney (one of the finest ports in the whole world, with its 365 bays, and over 100 miles of deep water close to the shore) to the hour when, having gone from island to island

and through the Pacific to Papua on three separate voyages, her bows again butt through the water between Sydney Heads—she has run 20,000 miles.[1]

Let us go aboard her and take one of these journeys. Going down to the harbour we see a fine yacht, spotlessly clean, with her brass shining, and her decks scrubbed, her rigging in perfect order, and a breeze humming through the wireless apparatus, strung between the masts.

Her brown-faced crew of Aitutakians are some of the most wonderful seamen in the world. They can swim like dolphins, and swarm up the rigging like squirrels chasing each other up a pine-tree.

Her hull has been cleansed in dry dock from the weeds that collect rapidly and thickly on ships sailing in the South Seas, and would slow her down if allowed to stay on the hull, which has also been painted after the scrubbing. There are now 500 tons of coal in the bunkers and the hold. The cargo of food, clothing, paper, ink, books, axes, screws, hinges, and a thousand other things that are needed in the islands, are then stowed in the hold, or arranged on the deck. Sometimes the children of the Sunday Schools of Sydney, as well as of Brisbane, when the ship calls there, will come down and have their New Year Offering books

[1] A list of the places she usually visits on her journeys will be found at the end of this chapter, and can be followed on the map.

presented to them on board, when the Aitutakian crew will sing hymns in their own language.

She then steams out between the lines of shipping toward the open sea and Brisbane. Coming from Brisbane, as she runs out between the Heads, the pilot-tug comes up to take the pilot off, and the *John Williams* is out in the ocean. She runs northward along the coast of Australia. With a steady wind in her favour she will run under canvas without steam, thus saving her coal, and often making quite as much speed.

As we walk up and down the deck we find, on the forward part, crates with fowls and geese and ducks and turkeys for some of the New Guinea missionaries, and perhaps some galvanized iron water-tanks, and a small boat or two. As we run northward, toward the equator, the heat gets heavier. Precisely at mid-day the captain takes his observations of the sun, so that we may know exactly where we are upon the seas. A missionary travelling on board with his children from Australia to New Guinea will be playing games with them on deck, and we shall all join in and play together.

Swinging north-west, when we are about ten degrees south of the equator, we sight the foam on the barrier coral reef that protects the south coast of New Guinea. Steaming through the gap in the reef we suddenly discover that the ship, which has been rolling in the ocean for many days, is running

through absolutely calm water, the reef stopping the heavy ocean swell. Inside the reef for thirty miles we run through lovely waters, over which are scattered hilly islands, and, as the sun sets, the ship drops anchor off Samarai.

The swift puff-puff of a motor-boat in the dusk brings the missionary from the island of Kwato, which belongs to the London Missionary Society. This island, when our missionaries first settled upon it, was dreadfully unhealthy—fever coming up from the great swamp at the foot of its hill; but the missionaries, gathering together a large number of brown Papuan natives, filled up and drained the great swamp, so that now it is one of the healthiest places, as well as one of the most beautiful, on the coast of Papua. Running alongside the stone pier, which was built by a South Sea Island Christian teacher, Ono, we meet with other brown islanders from the South Seas, who, having become Christian, are now missionaries to the people of Papua. On landing we see ahead of us the schoolhouse and teachers' dwellings, the church, the store with its pots and kettles, hatchets, knives and forks, scissors, thimbles, clothes, rice, lamps, paraffin, and all the other things needed by the South Sea teachers and the missionary.

Right up above us, on the top of the hill, 200 feet high, stands the Mission House, surrounded by a deep verandah, which shelters from the tremendous

power of the sun. On Sunday morning strange sails, looking like great crab-claws, come across the waters to the landing-place. Men jump out of the big sailing canoes—dark brown men, with no clothing except a narrow band, and women wearing short skirts made of grass hung thickly upon a band, which is tied round the waist. They have come, strange as it may seem to us, to church, to join in the morning worship, led by the missionary. While down from the Mission House, and out from the teachers' houses come children, who are being taught their books, and trained in carpentry and sewing and other things upon the island by the missionaries and their helpers.

On the next day we come back aboard the *John Williams*, taking the missionary from Kwato on board, and run along westward to Fife Bay, Vatorata, Port Moresby, Delena, Orokolo, Urika, and Daru, visiting many of these places two and three times in order to land stores and mails, and embark and disembark missionaries.[1]

Often in these seas tremendously heavy thunder-storms come, and the ship itself has been struck by lightning. At one of the ports, when all the missionaries are together, we land and spend some days in thinking out together and praying about the problems of the work and how best to bring

[1] See map.

this world of savage people to love the Lord Jesus Christ.

From Daru the good ship turns again, and running south-eastward goes down the coast of Australia once more to Sydney, having covered over 4,000 miles between February and April.

Within a few weeks she sails again from Sydney, and runs eastward on her second journey of 9,997 miles! Imagine what it means when the boys and girls and men and women on that loneliest of islands in the South Seas, Niuè, catch sight of their loved 'Religion Ship', and rush down to the beach to greet her.

From Niuè she runs to the Samoan Islands, and thence northward by the Tokelau Islands, and westward to the Gilberts.[1] Think again of what it means on those Gilbert Islands on the equator to see the *John Williams* coming. For instance, there is no food to be found on those islands except fish and small wild fowl, and all the rest has to come to them on the *John Williams*, and the missionary has seen no white face, probably during the whole year, except during the short time when the good ship is with him.

From the Gilberts she runs down to the Ellice Islands, where you remember Elikana and his friends were cast, half dead, on the shore, by the waves, and there taught the people their first know-

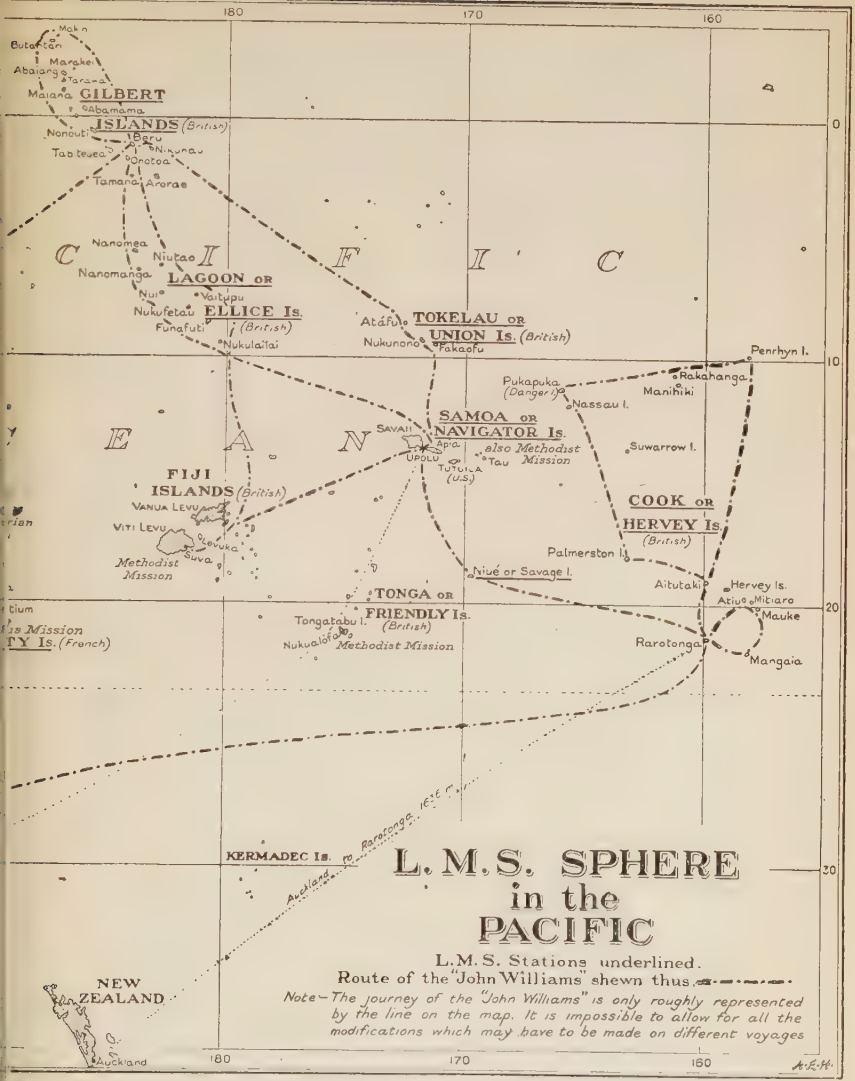
[1] Follow the journeys on the map.

ledge of Jesus Christ; and from the Ellice Islands she runs back *via* Samoa to Sydney. This long journey of 10,000 miles takes just three months.

The longest journey of all is the third, on which she starts at the end of August. The long list of islands at which she stops is given at the bottom of page 133. If you remember from the earlier chapters in this book, and from *John Williams the Shipbuilder* (see Chapter X especially), how in the brave old days John Williams himself sailed among these islands, building *The Messenger of Peace* on Rarotonga, and carrying the strange cannibal chief Roma-tane to sweep away the idol worship on other islands; if you recall, too, that it is only by the coming of the *John Williams* that the missionaries are able to sail to the help of the native teachers in some of the little islands, you will see why it is that there is no ship in all the world, sailing the oceans to-day, the sight of whose masts coming up over the edge of the sea brings such thrills of joy and makes so many people call out to their friends, with faces wreathed in smiles,

'The ship, the ship, she comes!'

Between 132–3


180
170
160
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10
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Makin
Butaritari
Marakei
Abaiang
Tarawa
Maiana
GILBERT
ISLANDS (British)
Abamama
Nonouti
Beru
Tabiteuea
Nikunau
Onotoa
Tamana
Arorae
Nanomea
Niutao
Nanomanga
LAGOON OR
Nui
Vaitupu
Nukufetau
ELLICE Is.
Funafuti
(British)
Nukulaelae
Atafu
TOKELAU OR
UNION Is. (British)
Nukunono
Fakaofu
Penrhyn I.
Pukapuka
(Danger I.)
Rakahanga
Manihiki
Nassau I.
SAMOA OR
NAVIGATOR Is.
Savaii
Apia
also Methodist
Mission
Tau
Upolu
Tutuila
(U.S.)
Suwarrow I.
FIJI
ISLANDS (British)
Vanua Levu
Viti Levu
Savuka
Suva
Methodist
Mission
COOK OR
HERVEY Is.
(British)
Palmerston I.
Niué or Savage I.
Aitutaki
Hervey Is.
Atiu
Mitiaro
Mauke
TONGA OR
FRIENDLY Is.
(British)
Tongatabu I.
Nukualofa
Methodist Mission
Rarotonga
Mangaia
KERMADEC Is.
Rarotonga to N.Z.
Auckland
NEW
ZEALAND
Auckland
L. M. S. SPHERE
in the
PACIFIC
L.M.S. Stations underlined.
Route of the "John Williams" shewn thus.
Note—The journey of the "John Williams" is only roughly represented by the line on the map. It is impossible to allow for all the modifications which may have to be made on different voyages
A.E.H.

The Steamer's Voyages

February to April

Sydney
Brisbane
Samarai *
Kwato
Fife Bay *
Vatorata *
Port Moresby
Delena *
Orokolo *
Urika *
Daru
Brisbane
Sydney.

* These places are not shown on the map, but they occur in this order between the places that are marked.

April to August

Sydney
Niuè
Samoa
Tokelau Islands
Gilbert Islands
Ellice Islands
Samoa
Sydney.

August to December

Sydney
Rarotonga
Mangaia
Mauki
Mitiaro
Atiu
Aitutaki
Penrhyn
Manihiki
Pakapuka
Palmerston Island
Aitutaki
Rarotonga
Niuè
Samoa
Suva (Fiji)
Ellice Islands
Gilbert Islands
Papua (if necessary)
Sydney.

Note.—These are only examples of voyages, which are not always in the same order.

PRINCIPAL SHIPS OF THE LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

SOUTH SEAS AND PAPUA

Name and Description.	History.
Duff (Ship) . .	Cost £9,800 for purchase and stores. Her first voyage lasted from August 10, 1796, to July 11, 1798, during which she took the first missionaries to Tahiti. She traded in tea on homeward trip and earned £4,100. On her second voyage she was captured by a French privateer, on February 19, 1799.
Royal Admiral (Ship).	Chartered for one voyage at a cost of £3,600. Conveyed missionaries and stores to Tahiti and other islands, arriving at Matavai July 10, 1801.
Haweis (Fore and aft schooner).	Built by missionaries in Tahiti, aided by King Pomare. Launched December 10, 1817. Missionary ship for short time only, then handed over to Pomare for trading purposes.
Endeavour (or as called by natives Te Matamua, *Beginning*) (Fore and aft schooner).	Purchased by Rev. John Williams and Mr Marsden in Sydney in 1821, and paid for in native produce. Used for carrying produce to Sydney, and as a missionary vessel. Owing to the imposition of a hostile tariff, she was sold in 1823.
Messenger of Peace (Fore and aft schooner, from 70 to 80 tons).	Built in 1827 by Rev. John Williams, when detained in the island of Rarotonga, the work being finished in fifteen weeks. Sailed first to Aitutaki and back; then to Tahiti, distant from 600 to 700 miles; and then to Savage Island and Samoa. A second voyage to Samoa in 1832. In 1833, being too small, she was sold.
Camden (Brig, 200 tons).	Previously a government packet. Bought for the Society in response to the earnest appeals of Rev. John Williams, when at home in 1838, and equipped at a total cost of £2,600. A sum of

Name and Description.	History.
	£4,000 in all was raised for her purchase and working. Sailed April 11, 1838, with the Rev. John Williams and party of missionaries, for the South Seas. In November of the following year visited the New Hebrides, and at Erromanga *Mr. Williams and Mr. Harris were murdered.* Continued working as a missionary ship until 1843, when she returned home and was sold.
John Williams I (Barque).	First children's ship, who raised £6,237 for her purchase and working Launched at Harwich March 20, 1844, and sailed June 5, 1844. Returned to England in 1847, 1850, 1855, 1860, and was each time repaired and refitted by the young. Wrecked on Danger Island, May 16, 1864, after 20 years' service. Sailed altogether about half a million miles.
John Williams II (Barque).	Second children's ship. They raised for her the noble sum of £11,190 3*s.* 1*d.* Built by Messrs. Hall of Aberdeen. Sailed January 4, 1866. Wrecked on Savage Island, January 8, 1867.
John Williams III (Barque).	Third children's ship. Paid for from insurance money. Built by Messrs. Hall of Aberdeen. Launched October 1868, sailed November 1868. Never returned to England.
Surprise . . .	Chartered for voyage of inspection on Papuan coast, 1871.
Ellengowan I (Screw steamer).	Purchased and refitted for Society by Miss Baxter of Dundee, in 1873, at a cost of £3,234. Working on the coast of New Guinea up the Fly River, and to and from Australia, until 1880, when she was sold.
Bertha (Brigantine).	Purchased by the Society for temporary service for £775, while the *Ellengowan* was undergoing repair in 1877. Employed on coast of New Guinea for six or eight months, under command of Mr. McArthur, the mate of the *John Williams*; then sold for £550.
Ellengowan II (Fore and aft schooner).	Built for the Society by Miss Baxter in 1881, for £1,500. Working on the coast of New Guinea. Being too small, was sold in 1886.

Name and Description.	History.
Harrier (Large fore and aft schooner).	Formerly a government vessel. Bought by the children at a cost, including stores, of £2,594 2*s.* 8*d.* Working on the coast of New Guinea. Wrecked on reef near Cooktown, July 28, 1891.
Niuè (Fore and aft schooner).	Cost £492 12*s.* Presented to the New Guinea Mission by Island of Niuè, 1891. Replaced in 1905 by another vessel of the same name which was sold in 1912.
John Williams IV (Three-masted schooner, square rigged forward, provided with full steam power).	Cost £17,055 18*s.* Built for combined New Guinea and South Sea Island work by Messrs. R. Napier and Sons, of Glasgow, under the direction of Gilbert S. Goodwin, Esq., Naval Architect, of Liverpool. Length 188.6 ft. × 31.6 ft. breadth × 16 ft. moulded depth.

Ainauia, Purari, Mauri, Tamate, Mamari, Ada, Pieti, Daba, Maru. Motor launches on the Papuan coast.

CENTRAL AFRICA

The Calabash (Slave dhow).	Purchased and used by Captain Hore on Tanganyika, 1879.
Morning Star (Steel life-boat).	Put together on Lake Tanganyika, 1883. Wrecked, 1895.
Good News (Auxiliary steam-ship).	Taken out by Quilimane Nyasa route in pieces, launched on Tanganyika, March 1885. Sold in 1895 to African Lakes Corporation. Length 50 ft. Breadth 12 ft. Depth 6 ft. 3 in.

INDIA

Mardie (River Boat).	Used for itineration on the river Ganges.

CHINA

Amoy Gospel Boat.	Used in connexion with North River work.
The Good News.	Used by a lady missionary on the waterways near to Shanghai for itineration purposes.

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Mathews, Basil

The ships of peace.

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